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Toros y Toreros

Picasso

1960

Luis Miguel Dominguín

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PICASSO

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PABLO PICASSO

TOROS Y TOREROS

TEXTE DE

Luis Miguel Dominguin

ET UNE ETUDE DE Georges Bataille

Harry N. Abrams

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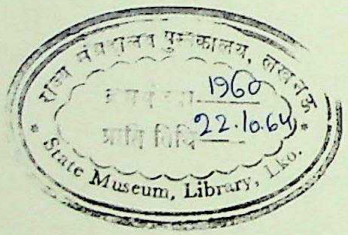

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PABLO

as a man, is very complicated, like everything that is simple, like everything that is real. He cannot be pinned down, his feelings are unpredictable, and yet—and of this I am sure—they are the feelings of a real human being, in the noblest meaning of the word 'human.'

Yesterday, Pablo phoned me from Cannes. He had already told me he wanted me to do something for a book that was being published soon. So I spoke to him about it as we had already spoken before, without my yet being able to find out what the book was about or what he wanted me to do. I asked him if it was a preface, a text, a commentary that he wanted, whether he expected me to talk about art, about bullfighting or about the polar star. But he only answered that any one of these subjects would suit the purpose, whether I wrote a real preface or a text or just went ahead and wrote for a while at random until I simply felt too bored to write any more. Whatever I might write would suit him and be a good job. My own opinion is that Pablo knows that I have no idea how to write a preface or text or even whether there's any difference between the one and the other.

'So you'll go ahead and write it?' he said. 'But if you don't want to, just tell me. The book is ready and all we still need is your piece.'

'I'll do it,' I replied.

'Good. Send it to me when it's ready. Can you manage it tonight?'

Once more I said, 'Pablo, I don't know anything about painting, and I'm not a writer. Let me at least see the book first, so as to give me some idea of what you want.'

Pablo es un hombre muy difícil, como todo lo sencillo, como todo lo real, muy difícil incluso de saber cómo es, de saber cómo son sus reacciones, aunque estoy seguro de que todas ellas son humanas, en el sentido que lo humano tiene de bueno.

Ayer, me llamó Pablo desde Cannes. Anteriormente me había dicho que le gustaría que escribiese algo para un libro suyo que se iba a publicar alguna vez. Sobre este tema hablé con él, pero como anteriormente, no conseguí saber de qué trataba el libro, ni qué es lo que quería que yo hiciese. Le pregunté si era un prólogo, un texto, un comentario, si tenía que hablar de pintura, de toros, o de la estrella polar. Me contestó que cualquiera de esos temas podría servir; que hiciese un prólogo o un texto, o que escribiese un rato hasta que me cansara, que lo que hiciera estaría bien hecho. Yo más bien creo que Pablo sabe que yo no sé escribir un prólogo, ni un texto, ni quizá la diferencia que existe entre una y otra cosa. ¿Lo vas a hacer, verdad?... Si no lo vas a hacer, dímelo. Es que el libro está ya hecho y sólo esperamos esto. Te lo hago, contesté. Bueno, entonces me lo mandarás enseguida. Esta misma noche, ¿no? Insistí. Pablo, yo no entiendo de pintura, ni sé escribir, por lo menos me gustaría ver el libro para darme una idea... No tiene nada que ver, contestó. El libro es de cosas de las que yo hago, y tú lo que tienes que hacer es escribir...

Comprenderán que con estos razonamientos tuve que desistir de enterarme de lo que Pablo

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quería que hiciera, y lanzarme a un ruedo, para mí desconocido.
Confieso que apenas si sé distinguir el negro del blanco, o el rojo del azul; pero ahora que lo pienso hay un color que sí conozco, el rosa. El rosa Picassiano. Y, pensando más, digo que Pablo es Rosa. Rosa con la tragedia del negro y con la fuerza del rojo y más puro que el blanco. Así es para mí. Y desarrollado en masas repletas de ternura y gracia.
Un día le pregunté a Pablo: ¿Por qué no me explicas algo de pintura, algo que me pueda dar una orientación? Me contestó: Alguna vez, sin que nadie te diga nada, sentirás que lo has aprendido. Mientras tanto, de nada te sirve lo que te pueda decir.
No es la prisa lo que más me puede ayudar a hacer « esto ». Pero Pablo lleva setenta y nueve años haciendo de prisa todo lo que hace; de prisa sin precipitación; y sin esa precipitación el se ha adelantado tanto, que mucha gente no le entiende.
Pero para que disculpen y entiendan un poco mi parto, que creo es más difícil que el parto de la Cabra de Bronce, les explicaré a la ligera algo de mi vida, relacionado, si se reflexiona, con el momento presente.
En campos de Castilla, la de Miguel de Unamuno, de Cervantes y de Antonio Machado, andaluz éste pero castellano en definitiva, me hice torero. En campos de esta Castilla, tan árida y pobre para muchos, que sólo tiene como proprietarios a filósofos, poetas, y soñadores, aprendí a hacerme hombre. Y en esta Castilla de peñascales, de trigo y de uva para el buen vino, de dehesas y toros que lucen su estética esperando en el campo, me hice torero. No podría afirmar ahora si es precisamente el medio ambiente el que reviste a cada persona de la casulla de su profesión, de ese hábito al que terminamos llamando vocación, o es la propia persona la que busca los ambientes. Gregorio Marañón, eminencia literaria y de la medicina, como todo hombre grande todo generosidad en su persona, quiso ver en mí lo mismo un torero famoso, que un gran médico, o un gran abogado. Me hizo así la merced de otorgarme una personalidad, y aceptada esa premisa entonces tengo que buscarme y encontrarme a mí mismo, en el medio ambiente que un día me hizo ponerme mi infantil traje campero, que otro día me vistió de luces, y que definitivamente me encasilló en una profesión : Torero.
El contacto con el toro bravo es el que nos

'It isn't necessary. There's no relationship between the one and the other. The book's the kind of job I do, and now your job is to write.'
You can well image how, with that kind of talk, all I could do was to give up trying to figure out what Pablo expected me to write. So I went ahead and entered this arena of a kind that's quite new to me.
I admit that I can scarcely tell black from white or red from blue. Now that I come to think of it, there's one color with which I'm really familiar: pink. Picasso-pink, Pablo's for, after all, it's Pablo's color. Pink, with the tragic element of black and the power of red and more purity than white. So he seems to me. And like a great flood of forms full of tenderness and grace.
One day I said to Pablo: 'Why don't you give me a few basic notions of painting, so that I can orient myself a bit in that field?' But he only answered: 'The time will come when you'll suddenly realize that, without any help from the outside, you've learned all you need to know. Anything I might explain to you meanwhile would be of no earthly use to you.'
Haste won't help me in this job of writing. But Pablo has been doing everything fast, whatever he does, for the past seventy-nine years. When I say fast, I don't mean that he does things in a hurry. Without ever hurrying, he goes so fast that, in our modern world, he's now well ahead of most people, many of whom no longer understand him today.
But I must apologize and make you understand that my work isn't easy. It's much more difficult than the job of making the *Bronze Goat*. So I'll give you first a few brief explanations about my own life. If you ponder them a bit, you'll see that they have something to do with my work.
It was in the plains of Castile, the home of Miguel de Unamuno, Cervantes, and Antonio Machado, that I, originally an Andalusian but now a Castilian for good, first became a bullfighter. Yes, there in Castile, in its plains which seem so arid and poor to most people that its only landlords are philosophers, poets, and dreamers. That's where I learned to be a man, among the rocks and wheat fields, and the vineyards that produce heady wine; among the pastures, too, of Castile, where the bulls stand as still as statues as they wait and watch, I learned to be a bullfighter. Is it a particular landscape that imposes on each one of us his particular professional uniform, the costume that determines our vocation? Or is it our own personality that urges us to seek a suitable landscape? I would not be able to answer these questions now. Gregorio Marañón, one of the geniuses of medicine and of letters, a man of great generosity, as all great men are, was once kind enough to detect in me the gifts that might have made of me not only an outstanding bullfighter but also a famous physician or lawyer. He did me the honor of attributing a personality to me. If you accept this hypothesis, you must seek me out and discover my real self in my background—a background that once imposed upon me the peasant costume of my childhood, and later clothed me in suit of lights and married me for better or for worse to this profession of bullfighting.
What makes bullfighters of us is our contact with a fighting bull. And it's perhaps a man's contact with his own loneliness out in the country that brings it about that he gradually becomes more solidly entrenched in his own character. In this case, when I refer to a man, I really mean more directly myself since, in asking me to write these pages, I suppose they wanted me to present myself as the protagonist of my narrative. It was in the country too, and through my contacts with what the public calls 'the beast,' that I learned what I had to do in order to avoid

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relapsing into what Antonio Machado used to call 'the Spain of ballyhoo and tambourines, of bull pens and sacristies, unswerving in its devotion to a popular hero like Frascuelo and to the Virgin Mary, with mockery in its expression, and serenity in its soul.' I knew from the very first that I would have to break through all this in order to face other problems, too, in my life. I am not prepared to accept the carnival spirit in

life except when it is used by Goya and Solana, and I actually feel a greater affinity for Goya's more somber—his 'black' works—than for the fiesta in the fields of San Isidro.

In the Castilian plain, I came into contact with this more profound Spain, where fancy clothes would be entirely out of place because clothing of a tougher texture is needed, I mean leather breeches and jerkins; where tambourines would sound absurd because their puny rolling would be lost in the vast spaces of such broad horizons. It was there, indeed, that I learned to deal man to man with men who practice no deceits on anyone, because they are born without aspirations, in a tradition of unexplainable resignation, because nobody has yet sought to rouse their ambition. There too, I learned about bulls, far from the dazzling whiteness of the ring, where they suddenly assume the role of an antagonist, in a pageant in which the bullfighter assumes for himself the role of the protagonist—the legendary hero. And I accepted fully—why shouldn't I?—the part that luck or misfortune has decided that I should play in the great human comedy.

In a branding pen, in the mock *corrida* in the fields that separates fighting bulls from mere studs, in all the capework that angers the bull in the arena—at any stage of the game, in any of these, may dwell the secret of the supreme importance that we try to attribute to this spectacle for the masses, a spectacle that can unleash unsuspected passions. If we fail to invest the bullfight with transcendental and necessary meaning it ceases to seem at all serious, as I have said on other occasions. I mean this business of a man wearing pink stockings to fight in the middle of a ring, in the very age of atomic discoveries. Surely, at a first glance, all this cannot seem to be a serious matter.

But in the very bowels of this fiesta, there's really more than a simple rolling of tambourines, especially if the protagonists have more to show us than superficial spectacle. Of course, it is inevitable that some will regard the life-and-death struggle of a bull and a man as a frivolous spectacle. And as a matter of fact, it is a sport, even almost a frivolous one, in the life of a people who throughout their history have become

hace toreros. Quizá sea el contacto con su soledad en el campo, lo que hace que el hombre se vaya consolidando en su carácter. Y en este caso, al referirme al hombre, he de hacer alusión directa de mí, ya que ,al pedirme estas cuartillas, quisieron hacerme protagonista del relato. Supe también en el campo y en este contacto con lo que el público llama la fiera, lo que debía rehuír para no convertirme en lo que Antonio Machado llamaba: « España de charanga y pandereta, cercado y sacristía, devota de Frascuelo y de María, de espíritu burlón y de alma quieta ». Supe desde el primer momento que buscaría algo más, que encontraría otras inquietudes en mi vida. No admito la carnavalada más que en las máscaras de Goya o de Solana. Estoy más cerca de la pintura negra Goyesca, que de la fiesta en la Pradera de San Isidro.

En el campo castellano fui puesto en contacto con esa España más profunda, que es la España del campo en donde no cabe el oropel, porque las vestiduras son de cuero, en donde no sirven las panderetas, porque su tamborileo sería borrado por la profundidad de su horizonte. Conocí a la par a los hombres que a nadie engañan, porque nacieron ayunos de aspiraciones por una tradición de inexplicable resignación, porque nadie les ha querido despertar sus conciencias. Y conocí a la par al toro, alejado del albero de la plaza, en donde assume el papel de antagonista en este festejo, en el que el papel de protagonista, de héroe legendario, se le ha atribuído al torero. Y estoy conforme — ¿por qué no? — en el reparto que en la Gran Comedia Humana, me ha tocado en suerte o en desgracia representar.

En un herradero, en una tienta, en cualquiera de esas faenas que hay que realizar antes de que el toro se encuentre en condiciones de ser lidiado, puede estar el secreto de la trascendencia con que tratamos de revestir a este espectáculo de multitudes, espectáculo capaz de despertar pasiones insospechadas. Si no le diésemos, si no revistiésemos a la corrida de la precisa trascendencia, no resultaría serio — ya lo he dicho en otras occasiones — que un hombre con unas medias rosas, luche con un toro en medio de una plaza, y todo esto en plena Era atómica; a primera vista no parece serio.

Pero algo más que la simple pandereta, hay en las entrañas de esta fiesta. Algo más existe, efectivamente, si sus protagonistas tienen algo más que lo superficial. Sin embargo, no puede evitarse que como frivolidad sea tomado a veces, un espectáculo que es la lucha a muerte entre toro y torero. Pues sí, es un juego, casi una frivolidad, para el pueblo más familiarizado con la muerte que haya existido jamás: España. La España de Quevedo, su cronista de humor negro, que nos hizo familiarizarnos con la muerte de una manera inusitada. En Galicia, por ejemplo, se unen de tal manera la vida y la muerte, que los gallegos aseguran haber visto desfilar la « Santa Compaña », en la que un ser viviente condenado por sus penas va al frente de la procesión de los muertos, de unos fantasmas humanizados que, almas en pena, recorren leguas y leguas de camino, dejándose ver de tarde en tarde. En España, se

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celebraban antiguamente los velatorios, con grandes comilonas, con festejos interminables, que pueden asociarse con las bacanales romanas. En España, no tiene la muerte trascendencia, puede conmover, pero el culto a los muertos es familiar.

Por lo tanto, bien podemos permitirnos la licencia de llamarle fiesta a la reunión del hombre y del toro, a un ballet del que forzosamente debe salir una víctima, que suele ser el toro... naturalmente. Y digo naturalmente, porque de lo contrario, pocas personas conscientes se vestirían de luces, de fiesta, para correr el albur del cristiano en el Circo Romano, para jugar sólo con una posibilidad, con una carta de las mil que se ponen en juego para salir vivo de la contienda.

En el fondo, el torero no piensa en la cogida, como el automovilista que sale a la carretera no piensa que él y sus familiares pueden ser protagonistas de la crónica de sucesos al día siguiente. Naturalmente, el torero sabe que existe el peligro de la cornada, lo mismo que el conductor de coches no ignora la posibilidad del accidente, pero si pensasen obsesivamente en una u otra cosa, ni el torero se vestiría de luces, ni el conductor se acercaría al volante jamás.

Y es que si sólamente tuviésemos presente las malas consecuencias y la importancia de cada uno de nuestros actos, el mundo no contaría con nada trascendental. Si existe trascendencia en el torero, la hay y grande, desde mi punto de vista es el fruto de la difícil facilidad, consecuencia de una técnica que nos hace aparecer revestidos de espontaneidad, y haste de improvisación. Cuando el toro nos hace nuestro juego, — según el público —, cuando más espontáneos aparecemos, puede que estemos recogiendo el resultado de muchos años de experiencia, de lucha, de conocer a esos toros cuya historia va unida a la de la humanidad desde sus orígines mitológicos, esos toros escapados de Roma y de Creta, que llegaron a los más diversos puntos de Europa para aclimatarse finalmente en las marismas de Andalucía, donde encontraron el ambiente más propicio. El toro pues, animal con historia y trascendencia, es el principal colaborador de nuestro « juego », de nuestra fiesta, de una expansión de esta España, tan identificada en el « esperpento » valle-inclanesco, como en la pandereta de los romances primitivos de reinas muertas. ¿Por qué toreamos? ¿Por qué nos vestimos de luces y nos ponemos esas medias rosas, como he dicho anteriormente, en plena Edad del Atomo? Más de una vez he pensado en la razón, y la encuentro en que la mujer está presente en las barreras. De no existir la mujer como espectadora de la fiesta, no existiríamos tampoco los toreros. Por lo menos yo.

De ningún modo quisiera caer en el triste tópico del « Donjuanismo » de los toreros. De existir éste, sería la mujer la que se acercase al torero por el oropel, pero mi versión de las razones por qué toreamos es bien distinta: Es el oropel, el que luce en una tarde de sol, porque una mujer lo contempla. Cómo podría aceptarse el « Donjuanismo » taurino en ese Villamediana, en el que Gregorio Marañón creyó encontrar

more familiar with death than any other—the people of Spain. Spain began to develop its macabre humor in the writings of Quevedo, the chronicler who taught us a new and unexpected familiarity with death. In Galicia, for instance, life and death are so closely allied that the Galicians claim to have actually seen the procession of the 'Holy Company,' with a living being, condemned for his sins, preceding the crowd of the dead, phantoms with human features who are never allowed to rest but must always wander on and on, and only very rarely do they appear to the eyes of man. In Spain, wakes used to be celebrated with great feasts and endless festivities, like the bacchanalia of the ancient Romans. In Spain, death is indeed of no transcendent importance: it may upset us, but the rites due to the dead remain something quite familiar to us.

Let it therefore be granted that we can call it a fiesta, this meeting of man and bull, this ballet which must necessarily produce a victim—in most cases the bull, of course. And I say 'of course' because, if it were not true, there would indeed be few sensible men who would agree to wear a festive costume of spangles and light in order to run the slim chances of a Christian in a Roman circus, with only one chance, one card among a thousand of those that must be played, of ever coming out of the fight alive.

When all is said and done, a bullfighter never actually thinks of the danger of a horn thrust, no more than a driver who sets out on the road thinks that he and his family may turn out to be the subject of a news item in tomorrow's press coverage of road accidents. Of course, the bullfighter knows that the danger of a horn thrust exists, just as the driver does not ignore the possibility of accidents. But if either of them were really obsessed with such thoughts, the bullfighter would never put on his spangled mummery and the driver would never take to the steering wheel. If we had in mind only the tragic consequences and the full significance of each one of our acts, the world would never witness any great action.

But is there any real greatness in bullfighting? Certainly; and not the least, either. As I see it, the greatness of bullfighting lies in making what is difficult seem easy through techniques that appear to be quite natural, even improvised. When the bull plays himself into our hands—as the

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public may think—when we ourselves appear to be most spontaneous, we are actually applying the results of many years of experience, of struggles, of acquired knowledge of the ways of bulls; and all of this is part and parcel of the history of humanity since its mythical origins—I mean since those bulls that escaped from Crete and Rome wandered over the most scattered regions of Europe and finally wound up by becoming acclimatized to the salt marshes of Andalusia, where they found the surroundings that suited them best. The bull—indeed a beast with a history and a certain grandeur—chief partner in our 'game,' our fiesta, that can be identified with the spiritual or cultural presence of Spain throughout the world, with the '*esperpento*,' or sense of the bizarre, that characterizes the writings of the novelist Valle-Inclan, as much as with the rolling of tambourines when one sings ancient ballads about long dead queens and primitive ages.

But why do we go in for bullfighting? Why do we still don our spangled costumes and wear those pink stockings, as I said before, in the midst of an age of nuclear discoveries? More than once have I pondered the reasons for all this, and now I seem to find them in the fact that woman, I mean women in general, is present among the spectators in the seats above the ring. If women did not form part of the fiesta's audience, we wouldn't be bullfighters at all. At least, not me.

But I would not want for a moment to fall into the shabby 'Don Juan' interpretation of bullfighting. If it were true, women would pursue the bullfighter because of his flashy mummery. But my interpretation is different: the glistening in the afternoon light comes from the eyes of the watching woman. How else could one account for the Don Juan quality of Villamediana, in whom Gregorio Marañón thought that he had found the real and authentic original of the legend of Don Juan? Whether astride a horse or on foot facing the raging bulls, Villamediana surely fought simply out of loyalty to that motto of his that was to lead to his death: 'These are my true loves.'

So we'll agree that a bullfighter chooses to fight because there are women in his audience. We fight, to some extent, 'for a lady and for honor,' like those medieval knights who, in tournaments, fought for the love of the lady of their hearts. The tall, pointed headwear of those fairy-tale princesses has now been replaced on bullfight days by the high comb and the mantilla, perhaps already by a modern hairdo that Parisian fashion has imposed. But how is one to come out of the fight quickly as a conqueror? Of course, by doing one's best, by allowing oneself, as I have said, to be stimulated by the thought of a woman, but not simply in carnal terms, rather as a symbolic image of the aspiration toward happiness that every man has within him.

Let us now admit that our spangled costume assures us a certain ephemeral celebrity. But then we still need to assure ourselves the kind of celebrity that can be gained only by the legend of our personal courage and skill, I mean the sum of all those various things that combine to form a legend and that can bear the right fruit only if we know how to build it all up properly. 'Every famous man must be careful not to destroy his own legend, which accompanies him throughout his life from the birth of his celebrity—even if it happens to be but the results of the very frequent and normal misunderstandings that arise in the minds of his contemporaries. A man's life is never long enough to destroy one legend and create another. And, without a legend, it is impossible to become part of history.' I learned this quotation quite a long time ago, but I can't remember the name of its author. Please accept it now as a pair of crutches still necessary to a man who is a

el personaje auténtico del mito de Don Juan? En ese Villamediana, caballero en plaza y a pie ante los toros, simplemente para lucir e lema que le llevó a la muerte: « Son mis amores reales ».

El torero pues, torea porque la mujer está en el tendido. Luchamos un poco « por la dama y el honor », como aquellos caballeros medioevales, que en espectaculares torneos, dirimían la posesión de la mujer amada. El cucurucho de aquellas princesas para cuentos de hadas, fué un día en la tauromaquia, la mantilla y la peineta, como hoy puede serlo un peinado moderno dictado por París. ¿Cómo salir rápidamente vencedores en el torneo? Haciéndolo lo mejor posible, siguiendo el estímulo que nos ha dado precisamente la mujer, no la mujer en concreto sino como imagen simbólica del deseo de felicidad de todo hombre.

Ahora bien, admitida la celebridad a plazo que nos da el traje de luces, hemos de procurar la celebridad que nos da nuestra propia leyenda, la suma de cosas diversas que forman una leyenda, que dará sus frutos si la supimos tejer concenientemente. « Todo hombre célebre debe cuidar de no deshacer su leyenda, la que le acompaña en vida, desde que comienza su celebridad, aunque ella sea hija de la frecuente y natural incomprensión de su prójimo. La vida de un hombre no es nunca lo bastante dilatada para deshacer una

leyenda y crear otra. Y sin leyenda, no se pasa a la historia ». No recuerdo a quién pertenece esta cita que acabo de hacer, y que aprendí hace muchos años, aceptádmela, como « andaderas » precisas a un recién nacido en el mundo de las letras, pues una cosa es dominar la gramática castellana y otra cosa es dominar al toro en el ruedo. Por lo menos para mí. Apenas sé distinguir los verbos de los adjetivos, no sé más de ellos que lo que esos recientes aficionados a los toros han aprendido para dárselas de entendidos: diferenciar un toro zaino de un salpicado, o un natural de uno de pecho.

Si yó, en el constante ir y venir taurino, puedo pareceros un buen guía — a vuestra generosidad dejo el juicio —, permitid que otros

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guíen mis pasos en el campo literario, campo al fin para las ideas, como campo castellano es aquel en el que pastan los toros, que han de ser más tarde, mis antagonistas en la fiesta. Espero salir de esta emboscada sin demasiado daño; mis guías son buenos, aunque me encuentre en apuros tales que salir airosa me parece tan difícil como esa imposible y gran corrida, que me propone Rafael Alberti en su admirable poema a mí dedicado:

« Tú, el único matador.
Rosa picassiano y oro.
Pablo Ruiz Picasso, el toro.
Y yo: el picador ».

Os he explicado un mucho a la ligera, la razón de mi vida como torero. De mi profesión, que sólo podría abandonar si encontrase una continuidad en otro arte, de la misma manera que sólo el esculpir podría sacar a Picasso de sus pinceles, y en realidad le saca de tarde en tarde.

He pasado por alto muchas cosas porque quise dejar, como os he dicho ya, libre el bosque de ramaje. Os interesa tanto mi anécdota como mi pensamiento. Lo sé. Pero hay tardes en que uno torea sólo para sí mismo. Os pido que una vez sorprendido en esta « faena » literaria, sigais mis divagaciones que tal vez puedan llevaros a alguna conclusión.

He de exponer aquí, en mi primera salida a los ruedos literarios, las tres razones de mi vida. Las razones, los objetivos perseguidos, aunque jamás se alcancen, son lo único que justifican una existencia. La mía está suficientemente compensada por tres cosas: los toros, la amistad, el arte. Los toros, son mi profesión, la amistad, mi devoción y el arte, mi vocación. Y al arte deseo llegar a través de los toros, que me han permitido hacer muchos brindis a la amistad.

Hablando de Picasso, he leído un párrafo de David Douglas Duncan, que tiene mucho de real al hablarnos de la nostalgia española del maestro: « Escasos son en España tan típicamente españoles como él. Este amor al terruño se le nota en cada detalle. En su cabal sencillez... en su sincera y cordial hospitalidad... en lo apegado al techo que lo alberga... en la amabilidad invariable con que trata a la gente... en sus extremidades que parecen enraizadas en la misma tierra... en lo poco práctico al tomar el partido de los débiles que, simplemente por serlo, merecen su simpatía... en su amor fanático hacia el lugar de su nacimiento... » Recoge bien en este párrafo Duncan, biógrafo fotográfico de la enorme expresividad del gesto de Picasso, la nostalgia que tiene por España. Lo que Duncan quizá no puede explicar, y yo puedo ofrecerles, es la nostalgia de España por Pablo Ruiz Picasso. Los españoles han puesto a su mejor hombre en esa Francia que hoy merece nuestra gratitud por haberle dado tan generosa acogida, por ser el anfitrión ideal para el mejor huésped. España, en efecto, siente por Picasso esa nostalgia que todo español deja adivinar en forma de « morriña » por todo lo ausente. El español tiene siempre en su corazón la tierra patria si está ausente, o a las figuras que están

newcomer in this business of writing. It's one thing to take on the Spanish language, and another to face a bull in the ring. That's how I feel about it, I who am scarcely able to distinguish an adjective from a verb and who know no more about either of them than a Johnny-come-lately *aficionado* or bullfight fan knows about fighting, however he may pretend to be a specialist—I mean just enough to be able to distinguish a bay-colored bull from a dappled one, or a 'natural pass' from a 'breast pass.'

As for me, whether I can appear to be, in your eyes, a good guide in all this coming and going of bullfighting, I'll leave it to your own generosity to decide; but please allow others meanwhile to guide my steps in this other field of letters, a field, after all, of ideas, though it may also be as Castilian as the field where those bulls are still pasturing that I am destined to encounter as my antagonists in the fiesta.

Still, I hope to emerge from this tangle without suffering too much harm. I have good guides; but I find myself in such difficulties that I fear I cannot surmount them any more than I can come out on top in the glorious impossible *corrida* that Rafael Alberti dreamed up in the admirable poem he once dedicated to me:

You, the only matador,
Picasso–pink and gold,
With Pablo Ruiz Picasso as bull
And me as picador.

I have already given you a few sketchy explanations of what my life as a bullfighter is like and about my profession, which I would be able to abandon only if I were able to find some continuity for it in another art, much as only sculpture can distract Picasso from his paintbrushes, and does every once in a while.

I have also left many things aside in order, as I have said, to extricate myself more easily from the present tangle. Besides, you are interested as much in my anecdotes as in my thoughts, of course. But there are also afternoons when one fights in the ring only for one's own pleasure. I would beg you, now that you have caught me off my guard in the midst of this literary chore, to follow me in my digressions, till they lead you perhaps to some conclusion.

I have to explain here, on the occasion of my first appearance in the arena of letters, my three reasons for continuing to live. Such reasons, even if they be but objectives that one keeps in sight but never reaches, are the only thing that can justify one's existence at all. My own life

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happens to be amply justified by three such things: bullfighting, friendship, and art. Bullfighting is my profession; friendship, my pursuit; and art, my vocation. I hope actually to achieve artistry through bullfighting, which has already allowed me to offer from the ring many homages to friendship.

Talking about Picasso, I remember reading a definition formulated by David Douglas Duncan. It speaks with real perception of Picasso's nostalgia for Spain: "Few Spaniards could ever have been more typically Spanish than the Maestro. It showed in every way: in the utter simplicity and honest warmth of his hospitality... in his deep attachment for the roof that sheltered him... in the unfailing grace with which he dealt with people who, not infrequently, tried to impose on him... in his legs which seemed to root from the land itself... in his impractical stand on some issues, where he sided with the underdogs simply because of their emotional appeal... in his fanatical love for the place of his birth..."

In this paragraph, Duncan, photographer-biographer of every extraordinary aspect of Picasso, has summarized perfectly the painter's nostalgia for Spain. What Duncan may fail to explain and I, on the other hand, can perhaps reveal to you, is the nostalgia that Spain likewise feels for Pablo Ruiz Picasso. We Spaniards have sent the best one of us all to France, which now deserves all our gratitude for having welcomed him so generously, as an ideal host for this rarest of guests. Spain actually feels for Picasso the kind of nostalgia that every Spaniard displays as a *morriña*, a special kind of 'blues' so typically Spanish that the word can scarcely be translated and has now been adopted abroad too, meaning a nostalgia for anything that is absent. A Spaniard always cherishes in his heart, if he is away from home, his fatherland; or else, if at home, he longs for those Spaniards who have left their country and distinguished themselves abroad. Nothing could be more inexact, in this context, than the adage: 'No man is a prophet in his own country.' Indeed, nobody can be as much a prophet in his own country as a Spaniard, though nobody needs recognition abroad as much as a Spaniard. Perhaps this is because we are by nature so distrustful. Yet recognition throughout the world makes a man like Picasso always appear a hundred times greater as a figure in our eyes, in fact a man whom we are not only ready to accept as a prophet, but also as a standard, a banner, an emperor, the very image of all Spaniards in the world of art.

Spain thus feels for Picasso a tremendous nostalgia, a *morriña* as great as the one that he feels for Spain, though he refuses to express it, being as moodily secretive in this as a child, as indeed many truly great men can be. But this nostalgia reveals itself in all Picasso's work, in his Malaga dialect, in his memories of La Coruña that betray the honeyed accent of the brothers of Rosalia de Castro, in his anecdotes of life in Barcelona or Madrid, where petty mediocrities objected to his artistic beliefs at the San Fernando Academy of Fine Arts.

Perhaps it was Picasso's terrible nostalgia for everything Spanish that led me to him or him to me, a meeting that we are both celebrating here and at this very moment. Quite apart from our respective positions in art or as personalities, one of those three things which I have stressed as essential to my own life has come into play between us both: I mean friendship. I came to Picasso, attracted by his personality as a human being. That every man is greater than his own work, this is an illusion that one should cherish throughout one's life.

I myself entertained this illusion about Picasso, but it proved all the more true when as I came to know him better. Great as his work may be,

ausentes de su suelo y destacan por el mundo. Nunca más falso que en esta ocasión el viejo refrán español que dice: « Nadie es profeta en su tierra ». Nadie como el español es tan profeta en su propia tierra, pero nadie como el español precisa tanto del espaldarazo del extranjero. Tal vez porque somos recelosos por naturaleza para nosotros un Picasso, con el referendo universal, es siempre una figura multiplicada por ciento, el hombre al que estamos no sólo dispuestos a admitir como profeta, sino como bandera, como estandarte, como emperador y representación de todos los españoles en el campo del arte.

España siente, pues, una tremenda nostalgia, una « morriña » de Picasso, semejante a la que él siente por España, aunque en su enfurruñamiento de niño pequeño — cualidad muy común en los hombres grandes de verdad — no quiera demostrarlo. Pero la nostalgia Picassiana está en toda su obra. Está en su hablar de Málaga, en sus recuerdos coruñeses arrastrando el acento meloso de los hermanos de Rosalía de Castro, o en las anécdotas de su vida barcelonesa o madrileña, cuando hombres mediocres de espíritu se oponían a sus tendencias estéticas en la Academia de Bellas Artes de San Fernando.

Quizás por la tremenda nostalgia de Picasso por todo lo español llegué yo a él, o llegó él a mí, en un encuentro que los dos celebramos por igual en estos momentos, porque, aparte de las posiciones artísticas o personales de cada uno, entró en juego ya entre nosotros dos una de esas tres cosas que he señalado como esenciales en mí: la amistad.

Yo he llegado a Picasso atraído por su personalidad como hombre. Que todo hombre sea superior a su obra, es la ilusión que conviene mantener mientras se vive. Esta ilusión es la que yo tenía con Picasso. Esta ilusión se ha visto rebasada con mucho. Puesto que por muy grande que su obra sea, a mí, señores, me importa en este caso mucho más el hombre que el artista.

He dicho en muchas ocasiones que es muy difícil llegar a Andalucía, — llamada tierra del sol — y recorrer sus soleadas callejuelas, sin que se le ocurra a uno la idea de dar pases de pecho, naturales, o entrar a matar a un toro imaginario en el albero del parque de María Luisa. Como también he dicho que es difícil dar esos mismos pases en una Galicia profunda, en la que las verdes soledades de los

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campos inspiran, más que matar a un toro, leer las sonatas de Valle-Inclán. Pues bien, también es muy difícil ser español, sin llevar innata la intuición por la pintura.

Muchos pintores han estado ligados al mundo de la tauromaquia cuando su personaje, el torero escogido, les ofrecía algún interés humano.

Mi gran amigo, Manuel Mujica Gallo, nos pregunta, más que preguntar, nos afirma: «¿Fué Goya figura del toreo?» en un admirable libro. Y explica la entusiasta adhesión del pintor por el toreo de Pedro Romero. Cuenta cómo el pintor ha influído en la reforma de la tauromaquia a cargo del rondeño, y las nostalgias Goyescas por haberse vestido de luces, hasta el punto de autorretratarse en estampas taurinas, para dejar constancia a la posteridad de que Goya había estado ligado para siempre al toreo. Para que un día los estudiosos indentificasen en aquel torerillo de capeas, al pintor aragonés.

Sigamos, pues, con los pintores y la tauromaquia. Bien recientes son los ejemplos de Zuloaga y Solana, el del Carnaval Sangriento, el de las máscaras humanizadas, que siempre se sintieron ligados a los toreros. Y nos ponemos ya ante esa potencia universal, ante Picasso, que se ha definido como un taurómaco impenitente, y que, debido a ello, ha de ver cubierto quizá el más mínimo, tal vez el más insignificante capítulo de su biografía con la amistad que nos une.

Ni intimidad, ni despego. Ha sido una de las máximas que me impulsaron a obrar, bien o mal, como lo he hecho hasta ahora. Pero cuando de la amistad se trata, rompo lo que en el fondo no deja de ser un lema, más para los blasones, que para mi vida. Cuando se da la amistad, también debe darse la intimidad que el amigo de verdad espera de nosotros. No concibo la amistad de una forma unilateral. De ser así, seríamos amigos íntimos de las cosas, de un telar, de una siderúrgica, o de una Compañía de Seguros que nos produce un fruto hecho dividendos. La amistad, la reci-

I want you to know that it is the man who means most to me, more than the artist.

I have often said that it is hard to be in Andalusia—the land of the sun, as the saying goes—to be on the sun-drenched streets of its towns and villages without somehow feeling that you must make 'breast passes' and 'natural passes,' or even deal the death stroke to an imaginary bull in the brightness of Maria Luisa Park. I have also said that it would be hard to think of performing the same passes deep in Galicia, where the fields are so green and so lonely that one feels more inclined to read the musical prose of Valle-Inclan than to kill a bull. Well, it is just as hard to be a Spaniard and not have an innate intuition of painting.

Many painters have had close contact with the world of bullfighting, especially when their hero, the fighter whom they preferred above all others, also interested them as a human being. My dear friend Manuel Mujica Gallo asks, or, rather, stresses the question in his admirable book, 'Did Goya actually participate at all in bullfighting?' Then he goes on to explain Goya's enthusiasm for Pedro Romero's skill as a fighter; how the painter influenced the reforms of the fighter's art that the torero from Ronda undertook in those days; Goya's own nostalgia for bullfighting; how he sometimes donned the fighter's spangled costume and even included a self-portrait in one of his prints of bullfights, in order to prove to posterity that he, Goya, had always been closely connected with bullfighting. All this, in order to allow scholars to identify, some day, the painter from Aragon in this little fighter with his cape.

But let us continue with painters and bullfighting. Quite recent examples of this connection have been Zuloaga and Solana—painters of the bloody carnival and of human masks— both of whom felt at all times very closely tied to bullfighters.

And so we come to Picasso, one of the powers of this world, who has always proclaimed himself a passionate bullfight fan. For this reason alone, he now sees what may be one of the shortest and more insignificant details of his life story—the friendship that unites us—discussed here at such length.

To avoid all unnecessary intimacy and expenditure of emotion, this has been, whether good or bad, one of the maxims that have so far guided my actions. But when it comes to a discussion of friendship, I abandon this principle for what it really is: a motto for a coat of arms rather than a rule for living. Once one has granted one's friendship to anyone, one may, and even must, go the whole way and be ready to grant the kind of intimacy that one's friend surely expects. That is why I cannot conceive of friendship as something unilateral. If it were, we might well become intimate friends of mere things—a weaving loom, a steel mill, an insurance company. Friendship and reciprocity in friendship, I believe, remain the most powerful lever for moving and rousing human beings and, in the case of Pablo Picasso, they have aroused my curiosity enough to precipitate me into the world of art, something entirely unknown to me and in which I remain a kind of stowaway, but aboard a vessel that remains the most powerful in the whole history of painting: I mean Pablo Picasso.

A lot has been said and written about that puckish mystery which, in Spanish, is called a *duende*. It was the poet Federico García Lorca's battlehorse, a constant theme in his writings. It still remains something difficult to define: a kind of thrill, according to some people, a mysterious something that one either experiences or fails to experience according to others. It may, after all, be the very source of art, and I have come to believe firmly that only those things that cannot be defined

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with any exactitude are really important. Whenever we find ourselves facing a man or a work that shows *duende*, explanations become unnecessary and one need not be a specialist in order to understand immediately and intuitively that the person or thing that one confronts has this rare quality. On every occasion when I have met Picasso, or seen one of his works, I myself have felt this warning thrill that we feel whenever we encounter anything important.

There is no need for me to apologize for my lack of preparation for handling a theme as difficult and complex for me as that of painting. Perhaps the art that flows from Picasso's arm, from his untiring hands, always at work, has made it easier for me, on the contrary, to understand his character, his extraordinary humanity. One must try to guess how he is in his daily chores, in his work, in his behavior as the days goes by, or else give up all hope of ever understanding him.

The great bullfighter reveals himself in his style of handling bulls, and thus brings out, before the eyes of the public, the characteristics of each bull's personality. In much the same way, the psychology revealed in his canvases tells us as much about Picasso as it does about the persons whom he portrays. Because of this, we can easily perceive Jacqueline's tenderness and her understanding nature as soon as we face a work of Picasso's that represents her, even if it happens to be a mere silhouette drawn for one of his ceramics. This is indeed the great, the authentic truth that an artist conveys to us: his message, his *duende*, the thrill that he communicates to us in his works. Picasso has this kind of *duende* since, in this respect, he is an Andalusian, though he paints like a Castilian. Andalusia is his mother, Castile has left its mark on him as a father; everything else is unimportant.

It is common for people to think about other people in terms of stereotypes that are based on professions. Unfortunately, as far as my own profession is concerned, bullfighters have not taken sufficient care to differentiate themselves in their private life as citizens from their professional appearance in the ring. That is why there persists in the air a question which I would now like to answer, namely, how can a friendship develop between a painter and a bullfighter, and of what nature can this friendship be? That is also why I wish to speak of my friendship with Pablo Picasso, and it is my duty to do so; and since I am dealing with him here, I allow my thoughts to run freely. Indeed, undue haste may well be the cause of confusion, but it is undeniable that too much reflection can also destroy all spontaneity, which would be even less desirable here.

Pablo is interested in all that I do and feels suspense and anxiety about all my potential successes. Yet he would be happy if I were ever to tell to him that I am retiring from the bullring, and he would even weep were he to hear that I had met my death in the ring: 'He has met with his destiny.' We bullfighters inflict on all those whom we love great anxieties which, though frequent and repeated, are none the less terrible. But at once we can instinctively distinguish those who approach us as men wearing spangled suits from those others who approach us as human beings, for ourselves. Pablo, for instance, is a bullfighter at heart and can also recognize quite easily those moths who are attracted to him by the light of his fame.

He recognizes at the very first compliment— he who has received hundreds of compliments and homages in his life—any man who comes to him in order to share the crumbs of his immense celebrity and flatters him for his name rather than for his lifework; and there are indeed many people who praise his work without understanding anything about it.

procidad en la amistad, creo que es la palanca más importante que puede mover a los hombres, y que, en el caso de Pablo, ha llevado a mi curiosidad a desembocar en el mundo de la pintura, para mí totalmente desconocido, y en el que soy un polizón, pero polizón a bordo de la embarcación más potente de toda la historia universal de la pintura: Picasso. Se ha hablado, se ha escrito mucho del « duende ». Era el caballo de batalla de Federico García Lorca. El « duende » no se explica fácilmente, es un escalofrío, dicen unos, es un aquel, es lo que se tiene o no se tiene nunca, dicen otros, puede que sea el manantial del arte, porque yo he llegado a darme cuenta, de que todo lo importante es lo que no tiene una exacta definición. Cuando estamos ante una persona o ante una obra que tiene « duende », no hacen falta las explicaciones, no hace falta ser técnico para entender rápidamente, intuitivamente, que la persona o la cosa que está ante nosotros tiene « duende ». Me he sentido prendido de ese sobresalto que nos pone en aviso, de que nos encontramos ante algo importante, cada vez que he visto a Picasso, o alguna de sus obras. No es disculpar mi falta de preparación, ante un tema tan complejo y tan difícil para mí como es el de la pintura, pero con la pintura que sale del brazo de Picasso, de sus manos incansables y siempre en tarea, comprendí mejor el carácter, la tremenda humanidad de Pablo. Hay que adivinarlo en su quehacer diario, en su obra, en su comportamiento, a lo largo y lo ancho del tiempo, o renunciar a comprenderlo.

Lo mismo que el torero grande se da a conocer por la forma de dominar al toro, mostrando a los espectadores las condiciones de éste, así, recíprocamente, conocemos a Picasso y a sus personajes por la psicología de éstos, plasmada en el lienzo del artista. No es difícil adivinar la comprensión y la ternura de Jacqueline, si nos hemos enfrentado con alguna obra que la represente, con la más leve silueta dibujada para una cerámica, que

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Pablo haya hecho de ella. Esa es la auténtica gran verdad del artista: La transmisión, el « duende »: y « duende » tiene Picasso, porque para eso es andaluz, y pinta como los grandes pintores castellanos, esa mezcla es en suma lo que importa. Como madre, Andalucía. Como firma de la paternidad, Castilla. Lo demás sobra ya.

El tópico establece ideas fijas sobre los personajes relacionadas con su profesion. Aunque desgraciadamente, en lo que a la mía se refiere, no se han cuidado demasiado los toreros en diferenciarse en la calle y en su actuación profesional en la plaza. Por esto sé que está en el ambiente una pregunta a la que hoy deseo responder: ¿Cuál y cómo puede ser la amistad de un pintor con un torero? Quiero y debo hablar de mi amistad con Pablo Picasso. Puesto que a él me refiero en este trabajo, que dejo escapar como una fuente un poco a lo que salga, pues la prisa no es buena fórmula para ordenar ni las cosas ni las ideas, aunque también es cierto que el orden puede quitar a esas mismas cosas espontaneidad, y esto sería todavía peor.

Pablo se interesa por todas mis cosas. Está pendiente de mis posibles éxitos. Pero sería feliz el día en que le anunciasen mi retirada de los toros... o mi muerte en la arena... Pablo lloraría, « ha cumplido su destino ». Los toreros que hacemos pasar por angustias, no por repetidas menos terribles a los seres queridos, intuímos immediatamente a los que se acercan al traje de luces y a los que se acercan al hombre. Pablo, un torero en el fondo, intuye también a las mariposas que anuncian cartas, y que se acercan a la lamparilla de aceite de su fama. Sabe, al primer brindis — centenares de ellos se le han hecho — quién se acerca para compartir las migajas de su enorme fama, y quién le adula más por su nombre que por su obra, porque muchos hacen alabanza de esta obra que desconocen totalmente. Quizá porque el uno y el otro huímos de las luces, de la lamparilla de la popularidad que cada uno de los dos tenemos encendida, nos hicimos amigos. Yo he sido tal vez el único torero que, toreando en Francia, se resistió a brindar un toro a Picasso. Hoy soy también el hombre que ocupa algunas horas, menos de las que yo quisiera, en charlar con él, en gozar de una amistad, que se ha resistido a posar para él, ante sus lienzos. Me parece que si yo toreara para él y él pintara para mí, perderíamos la intimidad, caíriamos en el plano profesional. Es curioso el pudor que he notado en Pablo cuando me ha enseñado algunas de sus obras más recientes. Por mi parte, siempre que ha venido a verme después de una corrida, a la habitación del hotel, he sentido más que pudor, vergüenza. Respeto llamo yo a esta figura. Nuestras familias se reúnen con frecuencia. Nosotros pasamos grandes jornados hablando de muchas cosas. Yo me convierto de pronto en espectador de su trabajo, en oyente de sus cuartillas escritas que me parecen tan importantes como su literatura plástica. Porque en suma la pintura es la suprema caligrafía de los sentimientos.

Yo encontré en Pablo algo diferente al tan temido tópico, algo tan humano como esos

Perhaps it is our common desire to withdraw from the limelight of mere popularity that has actually sealed our friendship.

I may in this respect be the only bullfighter who, while fighting in the rings of France, has resisted the temptation of offering a bull in homage as a *brindis* to Picasso. But today I am also the man who spends some hours, too few in my opinion, conversing with him, enjoying his friendship and still refusing to pose for him. It seems to me that if I were to fight even once in the ring for Picasso, or if he were to paint even once for me, we would lose the intimate quality of our friendship and find ourselves reduced to a merely professional level in our relations. I have observed a strange kind of shyness in Picasso when he has shown me some of his recent works. As for me, whenever he has called on me in my hotel room after one of my fights, I have always felt more than shyness, in fact unworthiness. I suppose what I am talking about is *respect*.

Our families often meet and we spend whole days discussing this and that, while I watch Pablo at his work and listen to him reading his writings alóud, texts that seem to me to be as important as what I might call his 'plastic writings,' since painting remains, after all, the supreme calligraphy of the artist's emotions.

In Picasso I have discovered a being who has nothing in common with the stereotyped image of him that is current throughout the world, in fact as human as anybody else we see as we wander in the streets of a city. Sometimes, as I look up from the ring, I discover, among the tiers of spectators, a woman of great beauty and immediately think: 'What a wonderful model for a photographer!' As I walk round the ring, I may likewise discover, among the spectators, a face that seems to me to be truly made for Picasso, and it was indeed he who revealed to me the prodigious power that Oscar Wilde attributed to artistic creation when he declared that nature imitates art.

This is the essence of our friendship, which has become mature and intimate, with all the human-ness that fame tries to strip from famous men. Only when a man feels that he is being truly himself, only when we cease to exhibit ourselves in the terrifying showcase that our profession has become for us, can we at least feel ourselves really at ease. In such moments I have felt communicated to me the thrill, the *duende*, that Picasso's personality inspires in me. As to our familiar address with one another, there is the best of reasons: our friendship. Art has never had an age, and those who create it are ageless too. That is why Goya was able to paint and to overwhelm us with his personality even at the age of eighty, why Pedro Romero was able to continue fighting bulls even when he was physically an old man, why I too can speak to Pablo as if he were one of my own contemporaries, because he is still, at the age of seventy-nine, in his full artistic maturity.

But let us now avoid seeking the why and wherefore of our friendship and refrain from the sheer vulgarity of declaring that it 'must have its

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reasons,' which would be tantamount to locking friendship up in a concentration camp. This is what most people try to do to friendship, generosity, and all those human values which are far loftier than the reasons which might lead any one of us to be at all interested in another. Pablo Picasso and Luis Miguel Dominguin—the title of one chapter of friendship in the lives of two men. Whenever we spend a day together or a whole evening discussing this and that, we both forget everything

which is at all related to the professional side of our lives. Rather, each of us forgets his own profession, though neither forgets the other's.

I would like to quote, as a peculiar example of this relationship, the following incident. One day, Pablo asked me a question and I refrained from answering it: 'Why are you a bullfighter, Miguel?' This is a question that I have often tried to answer and that must always remain unanswered. In that moment, I was unable to anwer Picasso's question and asked him: 'Why do you paint, Pablo?' But I did not expect him to answer me and knew that my question would remain unanswered too. I believe indeed that the true essence of a friendship, that which makes it really binding, consists in not stressing the whys and wherefores, much as the true character of a profession consists in not knowing why one chose it. Things are as they are because something has to exist, and each one of us leads his own life along those paths which have proven to be most suitable to him.

Now I know why I chose to wear my spangled suit of light—probably in order to seek this ultimate purpose that transcends all others. If bullfighters, in choosing their traditional costume, have managed to inspire such artists as Goya and Picasso, they can rest content, having accomplished an important mission. We need no further explanations, no more whys and wherefores. It's enough in itself, all that we need.

mismos personajes que podemos encontrar en la calle. Alguna vez veo en el tendido una mujer bellísima y pienso automáticamente: un buen modelo para una cámera fotográfica. En otra ocasión, al dar la vuelta al ruedo y mirar a las graderías, me encuentro un personaje a quien se le puede calificar de « como para Picasso ». Picasso ha tenido para mí esa enorme virtud que Oscar Wilde atribuía a la creación artística: Que la naturaleza imite el arte.

Esta es la esencia de nuestra amistad, que ha llegado a la intimidad, a esa humanización que la gente se empeña en desterrar de los personajes conocidos. Solamente cuando el personaje se siente él mismo, solamente cuando dejamos de exhibirnos en el tremendo escaparate que es nuestra profesión, podemos encontrarnos realmente cómodos. Entonces he sentido la comunicación de ese « duende », que me inspira la personalidad de Pablo Picasso. En él, en nuestro tuteo, existe una razón suprema: la amistad. El arte jamás ha tenido años y sus ejecutores tampoco. Por eso fué posible a Goya pintar, mostrarse prepotente a sus ochenta años, por eso Pedro Romero pudo torear hasta la vejez física auténtica y por eso yo puedo tutear a Pablo que está en plena madurez artística a los setenta y nueve años de juventud. Pero no busquemos el porqué de nuestra amistad ni caigamos en la vulgaridad de decir « por algo será », que es algo así como el campo de concentración en que la gente se empeña en encerrar la amistad, la generosidad, los valores humanores que están muy por encima de las razones que puedan impulsar a una persona a buscar intereses en otra.

Pablo Picasso y Luis Miguel Dominguín, es la historia de un capítulo de amistad en la vida de dos hombres. Cuando pasamos las jornadas juntos noches en vela charlando, olvidamos completamente nuestras profesiones. Lo que es mejor: no se trata del olvido recíproco de la profesión del otro sino de la nuestra propria.

Como dato curioso a este respecto os diré que quedó sin respuesta la pregunta que un día me hizo Pablo. ¿Por qué toreas, Luis Miguel? Es una pregunta que he tratado de contestar muchas veces y que siempre estará sin contestar. En aquel momento no supe qué responder. Le pregunté: ¿Por qué pintas, Pablo? No esperé su respuesta, supe que no la tendría jamás. Creo que la esencia, los cimientos de una amistad están siempre en no averiguar los porqués. De la misma manera que la esencia de una profesión reside en la ignorancia de las razones que nos empujan a ejercerla. Se es lo que se es porque hay que ser algo. Cada uno lleva la vida por los caminos que en un principio nos fueron más propicios. Ahora sé por qué me visto de luces; quizá por conseguir algo trascendental. Si el torero al vestirse de luces consigue inspirar a un Goya o a un Picasso, puede darse por satisfecho con la importante misión cumplida. No busquemos más explicaciones ni tratemos de encontrar más porqués. Con este basta.

Ya estoy llegando al término de mis cuartillas. Yo, como muchísimas personas, espero el parto de la Cabra de Bronce. Tal vez sea

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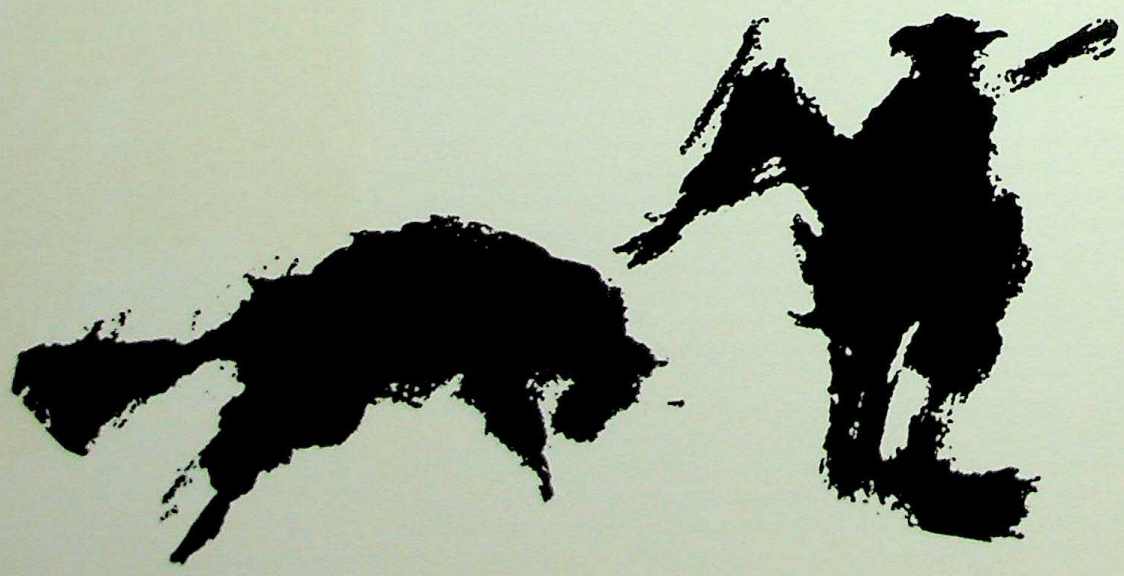
Picasso nuestro último Quijote. Yo le he visto en momentos de intimidad, cuando su alma se aniña, disfrazarse con mil ropajes y caretas diferentes, jugar con mis hijos. Goza como un niño cuando tan espontáneamente obra.

Dejo volar mi imaginación para representármelo, lanza de la edad de bronce en mano, caballero sobre su cabra favorita, que bien pudo criarse en los pobres peñascales de Castilla, y arremeter contra los molinos de viento. Picasso, nuestro último Quijote, no será jamás jinete en la Mancha de tal cabalgadura hasta que los que le siguen estén dispuestos a ser, al menos una mínima parte, Quijotes como él. Entonces, cuando todos los humanos nos hagamos más comprensivos, la Cabra que Pablo embarazó en bronce, la que espera un parto de bronce desde mil novecientos cincuenta, estoy seguro que parirá y de sus entrañas solamente saldrán blancas palomas de paz.

But I'm now reaching the end of my few pages and, like many others, am anxiously waiting for Picasso's pregnant *Bronze Goat* to give birth at long last. Picasso may indeed turn out to be our last Don Quixote. In moments of relaxed intimacy, I have seen him play with my children and become a child again, disguising himself with all sorts of motley rags and masks. And he enjoys these spontaneous games as much as the children do.

I allow my imagination to run ahead and see him now, brandishing a Bronze Age spear as he rides his favorite goat that might well have been born and bred on the arid and rocky slopes of Castile. Ready to attack windmills, Picasso is our last Don Quixote, but will never ride such a mount as a knight until those who follow him are ready to be at least to some extent quixotic as he has always been. But when all of us humans have become more understanding, the *Goat* that Pablo made pregnant in bronze and that has awaited its bronze delivery since 1950 will, I am sure, at last give birth, though only with white doves of peace fluttering forth from its womb and scattering in all directions.



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TOROS ... The very word exerts a magical appeal, opening for our imagination the gates to a whole world. A Spaniard's accent makes the word even more fascinating: he stresses the first syllable violently, striking it like a sharp peg that pierces the earth, and then he breathes the second syllable hoarsely, in a prolonged echo, like the call and challenge that the bullfighter utters to the beast.

Such words resist even the inflated meanings of travel advertising and literary interpretations. No writer has yet been able to handle this subject as transcendentally as Picasso, supreme artist in purely plastic terms. While Picasso does not sacrifice figurative representation of his subject, he does choose only its most significant aspects, so that his art attributes symbolical values to the bullfight, transcending by far the mere folklore and spectacular aspects to which the ignorance of its detractors wish to reduce it. Bullfighting plays an important part in Picasso's work. As early as 1890 he was already sketching scenes of the bullring. To appreciate the full meaning of the most recent developments of this theme in his work, to understand the psychological phenomena that are connected with it and color it with countless shades of emotion, is it truly necessary to know the secrets of a traditional calling which also has its own masters and fires the imagination of so many passionate fans? Few foreigners have the knowledge of an authentic *aficionado*, or are capable of identifying the qualities and faults of a bull as

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soon as it appears in the opened gates of the bullpen; and few are able to describe how the beast will act though they have previously studied it in the enclosure.

Mere amateurs, who remain content with appreciating a spectacle where beauty and nobility are one and the same but who have never felt the need to study its rules, would surely despise an art which requires so much technical commentary before it can yield its full meaning. But who would dare, after Dominguin, to try to 'explain' bullfighting? Indeed, historians of art have nearly managed to kill all general interest in painting in just this way. Biographies, dates, historical exactitude, particular circumstances that attended the creation of a work of art, life histories of the characters represented in the picture, exact localization of the landscape represented—all these distract the public's attention from the work itself, from its aesthetic and human values. In the long run, such historians reduce a work of art to mere anecdote, ignoring its own true nature.

Knowledge of the artist and of the circumstances that attended the formation of his work may well allow us to appreciate it better, but all this is not absolutely necessary, especially in the case of Picasso. It is not of much use for us to know of Goya's adventures with the Duchess of Alba or of his difficulties with the Spanish nobility if we want to appreciate his *Caprichos* and the violence of his satire.

Nor is it the mere event which once inspired a great work of art that confers on it a character transcending time; it is the artist's interpretation that makes it eternally human, so to speak, and allows it to express the same emotions again and again to each successive generation. But the form of a work must nevertheless allow it also to survive the constant evolution of taste and of styles.

If all these prerequisites are so obviously to be found in Picasso's work, the essential task of the critic is to make them more generally intelligible rather than to recount more or less significant anecdotes.

But, for a proper appreciation of Picasso, it seems appropriate that the floor should be given, if only this once, to one of the men who actually enter the bullring and who thus sees himself suddenly depicted here in poses destined to remain eternally unchanged. Dominguin is no mere model; he is an artist too, an expert in an art that, more than any other, mobilizes all a man's energies, since his very life is at stake. Besides, Dominguin is Picasso's friend and compatriot, which makes his views all the more interesting and significant.

Dominguin speaks to us about bullfighting and explains to us what it means to him; at the same time, he illustrates Picasso's work, paraphrasing it in his own text. With all his authority, he confirms the exactitude of the artist's rendering of his own art, an exactitude that is not a representation but an interpretation, a truth which the layman can feel but cannot prove. Dominguin thus confirms the importance of sheer, basic observation in Picasso's work.

One might well conceive that the artist follows the opposite course and allows the emotions that possess him, and on which his artistic inspiration is founded, to flow—as into a vessel—into a subject matter that is either appropriate or even indifferent to him. Such a typically Romantic attitude, in fact, made possible the golden age of landscape painting.

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Picasso's drawings inspire powerful emotions in us, not only for their aesthetic qualities but also because of their subject matter. Through these drawings we may vicariously participate in the struggle between man and beast, experiencing it here in all its directness and simplicity.

Picasso is no mere Romantic. He has not chosen his subject at random. As one returns again and again to these drawings, one comes to detect in them a discipline that the artist accepted when he confronted his subject. Of course, Picasso cannot withdraw entirely into the background, but his style is no longer, as it was in his Cubist period, a kind of bed of Procrustes, a mold into which his subject was forced to fit. Today, Picasso's line and his spots of shadow have become infinitely more sensitive, more incisive, in order to delineate or recreate the visual sensation that his model provides. If Picasso's own personality continues to appear like a watermark in his drawing and expresses itself, as ever, in an unexpected twist of his line, in a detail of penmanship, this is because, whether consciously or unconsciously, the artist remains himself. He cannot draw except as Picasso draws; he cannot destroy within himself the experience of so many years of passionate and assiduous practice.

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Still, might not certain stages of Picasso's evolution continue to disconcert us? Would we have been able to recognize him in all the numerous periods of his life's work? Does he not continue to produce playful exercises where we recognize his handwriting only because we know the source of the drawing? After all, only Picasso can play the game as seriously as that.

It is no accident that Picasso has remained so long faithful to this theme of bullfighting. As one looks at these drawings, one tends to forget the merely colorful aspects of the subject matter—the emotions of the layman who witnesses his first fight, all those details which distract a beginner's attention as he nervously, and sometimes with some anxiety, awaits the blowing of trumpets. In his drawings one shares the artist's passion for bullfighting; one communes with him in the enthusiasm of a great public spectacle and fiesta; one feels that one has suddenly understood what Picasso sees, feels, gets out of it. The drama of the whole performance transcends by far this duel between the huge beast and the man 'wearing pink stockings,' to quote Dominguin's own words. In Picasso's work, the bullfight means as much to us as to him; it is the most profound poetic expression of his own fatherland, one of the eternal aspects of Spain, with strict and inhuman laws like those of the Inquisition, but it is also a lyrical inspiration, similar to that of the poet Lorca.

Bullfighting provides artistic patterns that are wonderfully rich and full of surprises: the impressive curve of the ring, the dazzling sunlight poured out on the sand, the infinite play of shadows and lights, a whole repertory of strange forms, sometimes motionless as statues, sometimes moving with such meteoric speed that our eye may not be able to catch it but it never escapes Picasso.

Bullfighting is indeed an eternal human theme, a living symbol. I would scarcely dare compare it to the eternally renewed conflict between Good and Evil, but it derives from a myth that dates back to the origins of humanity, a spectacle in which the spectator rids himself of his own fears and hostilities as he watches Theseus putting an end to the hateful human sacrifices that the Minotaur demanded. For centuries, men have thus been seeking as if in a ritualistic reenactment the death of the divine monster who once was so hungry for human flesh. Before he actually confronts the beast, the bullfighter repeats the gesture of Theseus. His back to the sun, he uses his cape to trace a shifting labyrinth in the sand and in the air around the bull. Only then comes the hallucinating confrontation from which he can now escape only by plunging his blade into the least accessible part of the beast.

The bullfighter and his assistants adopt the manner of priests officiating in a ceremony. This is indeed no circus, but a kind of religious pageant, and it would be difficult to affirm beyond doubt whether Picasso's hero is the man or the beast, and with which of the two he sympathizes most.

But all this is in Picasso's drawings. As early as 1933, he used to invest the bull's eye with a conscious ferocity which symbolized inexorable destiny. In 1936, a composition executed in India ink then humanized the beast while the figures around it suggested antiquity to us and took us back to Minoan Crete.

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In Picasso's mind the bullfight is an integrated whole; the participants can no longer be dissociated. Each can justify his existence only through the presence of his adversary. This confrontation repeats itself again and again in Picasso's work, becoming one of its basic themes and the dominant one in the drawings of the present album.

Devoted to the artist's most recent drawings and sketches of bullfight scenes, this album is the fruit of a close and friendly cooperation between Picasso and his publisher. For years, much of the artist's work has been devoted to the bullfight theme, treated in various media, including some linoleum-cuts and drawings exhibited late in 1960 in Paris in the Galerie Louise Leiris.

Should we have made an anthology ? This would have been difficult, the task of selecting the drawings would have been an uneasy one. Nowadays, readers refuse to accept expurgated editions and music-lovers insist on obtaining recordings of full performances of their favorite works. Art-lovers likewise hope more and more to be offered a fully panoramic view of an artist's work. This is why the publisher has remained faithful to

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the notion of bringing out a facsimile edition of Picasso's sketchbooks, as he had already done with exemplary fidelity when he published Picasso's earlier *Sketchbook* in 1960. Such facsimile editions stress admirably the manual effort that remains a necessary condition of all artistic creation. In cooperation with Picasso, three of the artist's sketchbooks, including all his hesitations, corrections and annotations, have been incorporated in a single publication; then another series was added—sixteen sepia wash drawings—printed separately on loose leaves of another size. All of them are published here for the first time and all are inspired by the one dominant theme of the bullfight.

The dates of the drawings reproduced in this album require some explanation. The first of the sketchbooks covers the longest period, since the sketches are of various dates, ranging from June 13, 1957 to July 15, 1959. The second and third sketchbooks were filled during this same period, the second having been done between March 2 and March 12, 1959, while the third was filled entirely in one day, April 3, 1959. As for the sixteen wash drawings, they are all of October 4, 1959.

The covers of the sketchbooks are reproduced in the present facsimile edition and carry these dates. The fourth such cover page represents a publicity leaflet for a bullfight which occurred in 1873 in Malaga, Picasso's birthplace, seven years before he was born. This leaflet happened to be in one of the sketchbooks when Picasso entrusted them to his publisher. 'Include it, since it found its way there,' said Picasso. The layout of the present book has made it possible to respect this wish as well as the order of the drawings

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in each sketchbook, though not the chronological order of the individual sketches since, as we have already pointed out, three sketchbooks were being used by the artist during the same period of time.

The titles of the pages that introduce each sketchbook were subsequently drawn by Picasso, and an anecdote may well serve to illustrate the care that the artist devoted to every detail of publication. He designed four title pages using a brush loaded with ink, then asked: 'What do you think of them? No, they won't do.' Then, without awaiting a reply to his question, he began again and designed the four other title pages that also appear in this album.

The present publication is in the exact format of Picasso's sketchbooks. It has not been possible, however, to reproduce all the drawings in their actual dimensions in such a manner as to make this book a veritable duplication of the originals. Art-lovers who are interested in such details must therefore be informed that the drawings are reproduced here either in their original size or are reduced to half their size, with the exception of the final series of sixteen drawings, which are all reproduced in original size.

Why was it decided to add a text by Dominguin? Because, of course, he is a bullfighter and a friend of Picasso—but not only for these reasons. The critical interest of Dominguin's text has already been stressed, and the reader has already had occasion to appreciate its qualities. The idea of having such a text however arose casually. One day, when the publication was being discussed, Picasso's wife, Jacqueline, was at the same time entertaining a guest, Lucia Bose, Dominguin's wife. They all knew that aesthetic and philosophical commentaries on drawings abound; but since this album is devoted to

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Toros, why not discuss bullfighting in it? Jacqueline then remembered that Dominguin is also a talented natural writer. Hence the mysterious phone calls with Picasso that the bullfighter recalls here, in the initial paragraphs of a text which opens for us the doors to the fabulous world and the colorful and dramatic life of a bullfighter.

Dominguin has his vantage point. It is unique. None can contest his right to it, and few would wish to be able to see it as he does, from the ring. Picasso, on the other hand, has hundreds, if not thousands, of vantage points as he sees a bullfight. Not only can he change his viewpoint as a spectator, but he can also vary his techniques as an artist, multiplying the aspects of the show and breathing into it new and hitherto unknown life and emotion.

A theme that is unique and multiple, a style that is homogeneous but infinite in its resources—one discovers these again and again in these pages. At one time, Picasso's draftsmanship is very painterly, that of a colorist, as he knowingly plays with contrasts in order to re-create the sensation of the light drenching the arenas of Nimes or Arles, the blinding brightness of the stone saturated with sun, the many-colored diversity of

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the crowd spread over the tiers of seats (in the drawings of August 1, 1957). This is truly a Fauve technique which communicates to us the vibration of the excited cries that accompany every move of the bullfighter.

Or else, with a single stroke, Picasso organizes the curves and planes of the arena, in a kind of neo-Cubist linear symphony (the drawings of April 13, 1957). Or again, he sketches a figure with his brush heavily loaded with ink, limiting his in-between tones to a minimum and framing the page with a broad stroke of wash so as to achieve the effect which, in photography, is called 'backlighting' (the drawings of July 5, 1959).

The picador is there, at the gates that lead into the ring, proudly seated in his saddle, ready to enter the tournament—a Don Quixote who seems to have found a new part to play. In spite of the speed of execution, Picasso's realism is always breathtaking. Dominguin himself was struck by the truthfulness of this series of drawings and, in particular, by number VIII. Here we are treated to a view that the famous bullfighter must often experience just before he enters the ring.

In other drawings, Picasso returns to the same theme, but highlights it also with color crayons. Is he thinking here of some future painting? But the drawing remains sufficient and oils would require a different interpretation of the scene.

In some drawings, Picasso is almost a portrait artist as he depicts the bull or one of the actors in the drama of the fight. The respect that he reveals when he traces the profile of the beast goes far beyond the usual limits of naturalism (the drawings of July 12, 1959). The sharp muzzle, the massive neck, the intensity of the animal's eye are all translated here with an extraordinary economy of means. But with human faces Picasso allows himself more freedom. Here, he places skillfully the ornaments of a costume, pinpoints a fleeting expression, an attitude, a look, or a pouting lip that betrays the picador's proud but somewhat bored expectation (the drawings of July 12 and 13, 1959).

One of these picadors seems in particular to have attracted the artist's attention. He is represented several times, with great care devoted to achieving a portrait likeness (the first drawing of July 14, 1959). Who is he? A face caught at random, or one of the artist's friends?

In the series of drawings of 1960 that were exhibited that same year at the Galerie Louise Leiris in Paris, we find the same picador, but now facing dancing girls and again with the same proud and lofty dignity as when he faced the bull.

The page of July 15, 1959, where several sketches are crowded together, is suddenly illuminated, so to speak, by a sketch of a woman's belly with a deep navel. Picasso was already thinking here, it seems, of a theme that he was destined to develop only a few months later. In some of these sketches, Picasso also has recourse to a curious technique, not unlike that which is sometimes used in etching. His figures then appear as if in negative, creating a curious impression of unreality, of otherworldliness (April 3, 1959). But the artist does not seem to have been tempted to carry any further these experiments with the lithograph pencil on India ink.

In most of the drawings, Picasso remains faithful to his technique of brushwork with ink (all the balance of his album of April 3, 1959) or of wash drawings in sepia (the whole series of October 4, 1959). Here, more than elsewhere, we are dazzled by the

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extraordinary sureness of the artist's draftsmanship. The real mystery of Picasso is the paradox of his style: the contrast between the apparent carelessness or awkwardness of his execution, and the real presence of his figures, the movement that he actually suggests. The speed of his hands is in close relationship to the tenuous quality of his outlines. A stain lights up the whole expanse of paper that surrounds it, appearing to quiver, to shoot ahead, to be crackled by the wind and straightened out again.

On this visionary shadow stage, drying with blotting paper achieves astounding effects in the artist's medium—graduations of color, a halo around a figure, zebra-stripes, veins as in semiprecious stone. But all these effects are accidental, achieved in the haste of execution. Sometimes, one feels that these sketches from life are truly instantaneous, yet their results remind one of old engravings and, at the same time, of the more closely allied formal experiments of younger painters, accentuating the unreality of this whole series that passes before our eyes at a dazzling speed, almost at times like a moving picture.

How Picasso achieves movement in his works would truly be a good subject for a dissertation. It is not only born of the succession of his drawings, as one can see from a sketchbook such as this one; it is rather that each leaf has its own tempo.

In an earlier period, Picasso created the sensation of movement by means of the sheer virtuosity of his draftsmanship. In this respect, the series of bullfighter's passes depicted in the drawings of June 13, 1957 is carried out in a purely linear style like that of his earlier work. When the model leaps ahead, the power of his movement is suggested by deformations of the outline and especially by deliberate elongation of the forms depicted. The bullfighter's cape then becomes abnormally full in order to stretch suddenly from its point of departure to its final goal. In the same manner, the bull carries off the cape in a single movement of its horns, while its feet still touch the ground too far in the rear.

Picasso's 'tachiste' style (is he not depicting in terms of stains?) offers him even more vast and original resources. The silhouettes of picadors of July 5, 1959 strike us by their very immobility, their purely static attitude. They have become statues, as they appear in fact in the arena, too.

The episodes of the bullfight of April 3, 1959 are all treated strictly in the same manner. But here they form part of a single continuous action. One's eyes follow the beast as it leaps forward, the movements of the cape, the horse that rears and falls. But what creates the rhythm of this whole ballet of shadows? It would be wrong to eliminate the part played here by the spectator's imagination. But a close analysis also reveals to us some of the secrets that Picasso used to create this illusion, this mirage. The key to the mystery is to be found partly in the movement of the legs that seem to be stretched like bows ready to shoot their arrows. The figures no longer touch the ground; they are no longer held by any support or at all bound by gravity. They fly as if carried away by their own momentum. With even greater subtlety, the undulations of the outlines correspond to the successive positions of a form as it moves. Here we find fully achieved, but with classical sobriety, that old dream of the Futurists which Marcel Duchamp had carried to an extreme in his *Nude Descending a Staircase*. Finally, each composition

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in turn is organized around the shock of two forms that face each other, often diagonally, and one of which must necessarily, in our mind, triumph over the other.
In a few other cases, such as the bullfighter of July 10, 1959, who is tossed into the air, Picasso indicates the path of a moving body by a broad splash of ink.
The second sketchbook, of March 1959, is devoted at least in its first part, to the same theme of bullfighting, but in its second part to Picasso's private life and to the Spain of Velazquez, with a whole series of portraits of his wife, Jacqueline, in period costumes. This reveals to us new aspects of Picasso and a strange idea that he seems to have contemplated and worked on without however carrying it out fully as far as we know. What a weird parable he illustrates here in this sketchbook—a bullfight occurring at the foot of a cross, with Christ intervening in the fight, removing His loincloth to use it as if it were a bullfighter's cape and distracting the bull's attention from the fallen fighter! A strange allegory indeed, and an unexpected expression of Spanish mysticism in a notorious atheist! What can all this mean in Picasso's mind? Might it not be but a curious fantasy that someone once put in his mind?
Be that all as it may, within a single day Picasso studied several different ways of distributing the elements of this composition: the Christ on the cross, the bull, and the fallen horse. He returns separately to each detail in turn, especially to the head of the horse raised in an anguished cry that reminds one of *Guernica*; and he makes the most of this opportunity to sketch two extraordinary portraits, one of a bearded Christ, shaggy as one of the followers of Fidel Castro, but also and above all a *mater dolorosa* which is a veritable character study in Baroque style.
Are we destined some day to see this extraordinary idea achieve its fully concrete form in a painting?
The day of March 10, 1959 was devoted to a homage to the artist's wife, Jacqueline; it begins with three pages of portraits, upside-down, as the drawing and a dazzling series of sketches in color reveal. Riding sidesaddle, as a horsewoman covered with flowers; in formal attire for some ceremony; as a huntress; we see Jacqueline's unique and beloved features again and again, replacing those of Velazquez' Queens and Infantas. Here, fantasy is mingled with images from history; but even in this re-creating of the past there is imaginative creation too, in the virtuosity of his variations on the earlier painter's color. What woman would not be flattered by so much honor?
Picasso's work, if one studies it in detail, might inspire endless comment. One would have to discuss, for instance, the innumerable small sketches that he scatters around more important studies and so many of which have been used to decorate these introductory pages.
One might also undertake a systematic discussion of his bullfight sketches by sorting them out according to categories. But Picasso's preferences are obvious, as are also the reasons for them: it is the plastic quality that dominates for him, as, for example in the horseman whose lance becomes an important element in the composition. In any event, we find only two drawings concerned with the killing of the bull, at the end of the series of April 3, 1959, which is a true and complete reportage of a bullfight, from beginning to end. Finally, one drawing, the woman with the physician, of July 27, 1957, is devoted to an

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entirely different theme, that of woman's nudity before the eyes of man—whether physician, picador, or painter—as Picasso had already handled it in earlier works.

It is customary to conclude an introduction such as this with some brilliant generalizations that tend to prove that every element of the subject studied is an integral part of the whole, contributing towards its harmony; after which, one enumerates some possible interpretations of the work as a whole. It would indeed be an easy task to enlarge on the bullfight theme and to read into Picasso's drawings a whole series of concealed meanings, whether political, religious, philosophical, social, or merely affective. But is it not, as people always insist, one of the characteristics of all great works that they can suggest so many different literary or philosophical commentaries? Each period in turn discovers in them what it has projected into them. These are the considerations which inspire Picasso to say, when one of his painter friends is worried about comments published in the daily press: 'Let the art critics gossip in peace, they are not writing for us!' I would not like to be guilty of transforming Picasso's work into one of those inns in the Spanish proverb, where you can find only what you yourself bring; nor deprive the art-lover of the pleasure of having his own personal interpretation of Picasso's bullfights. Because a bullfight illustrates a tradition that is now thousands of years old, many beliefs, many symbols and myths have gradually crystallized around it. But there is good reason to warn against our present day weakness for tangential comment which allows one to project into a work of art so many things that its creator probably never considered.

When Picasso wishes to give us satire, he does it directly, as in his *Woman with the Physician*. When he wishes to be controversial or political, he paints *Guernica*, the *Massacres in Korea* or *War and Peace*. He needs no metaphors to conceal his thought and has never quailed before censorship. Let us then simply allow Picasso to take over, to show us that unique spectacle, the bullfight. It is, indeed, our one great chance to share the passion authentically, to experience it as a Spaniard does.

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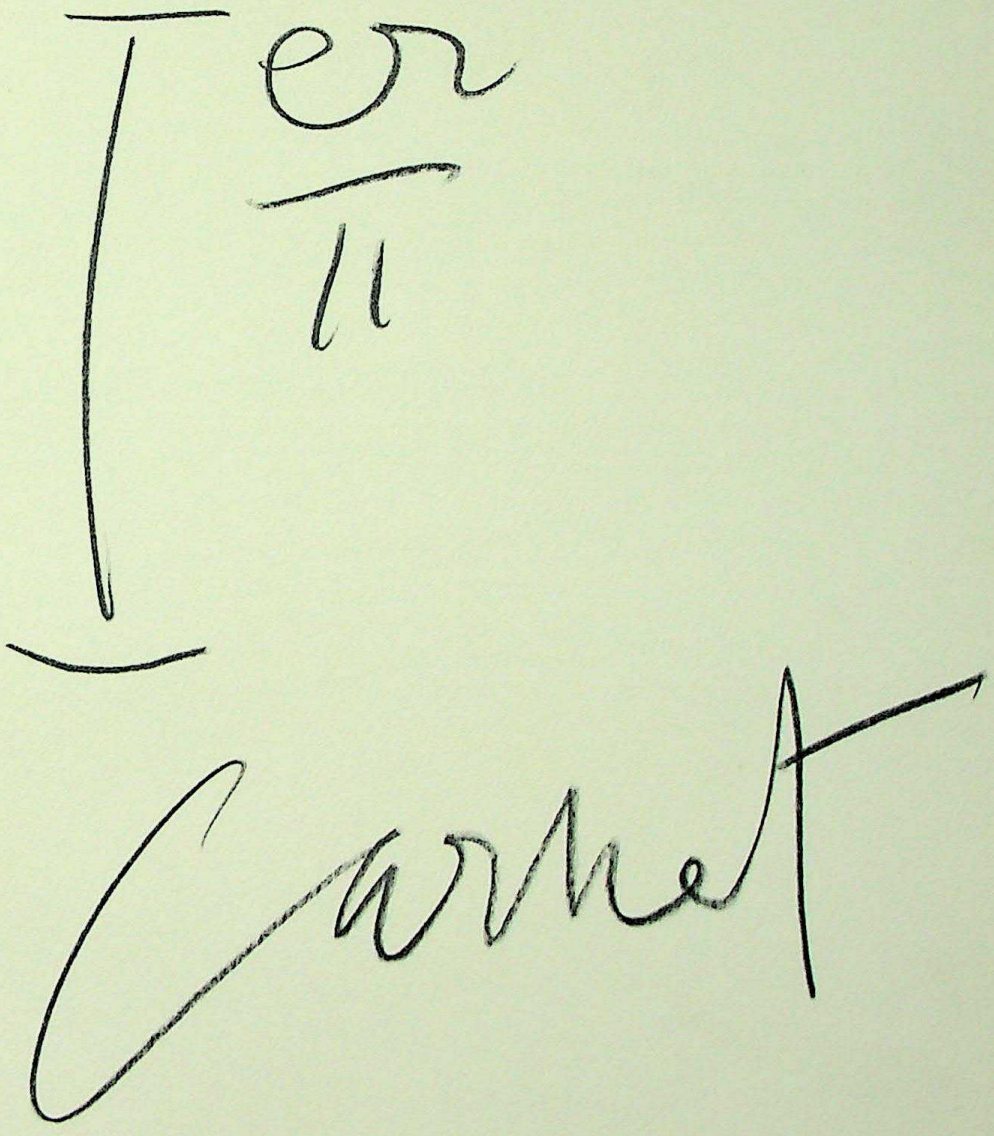

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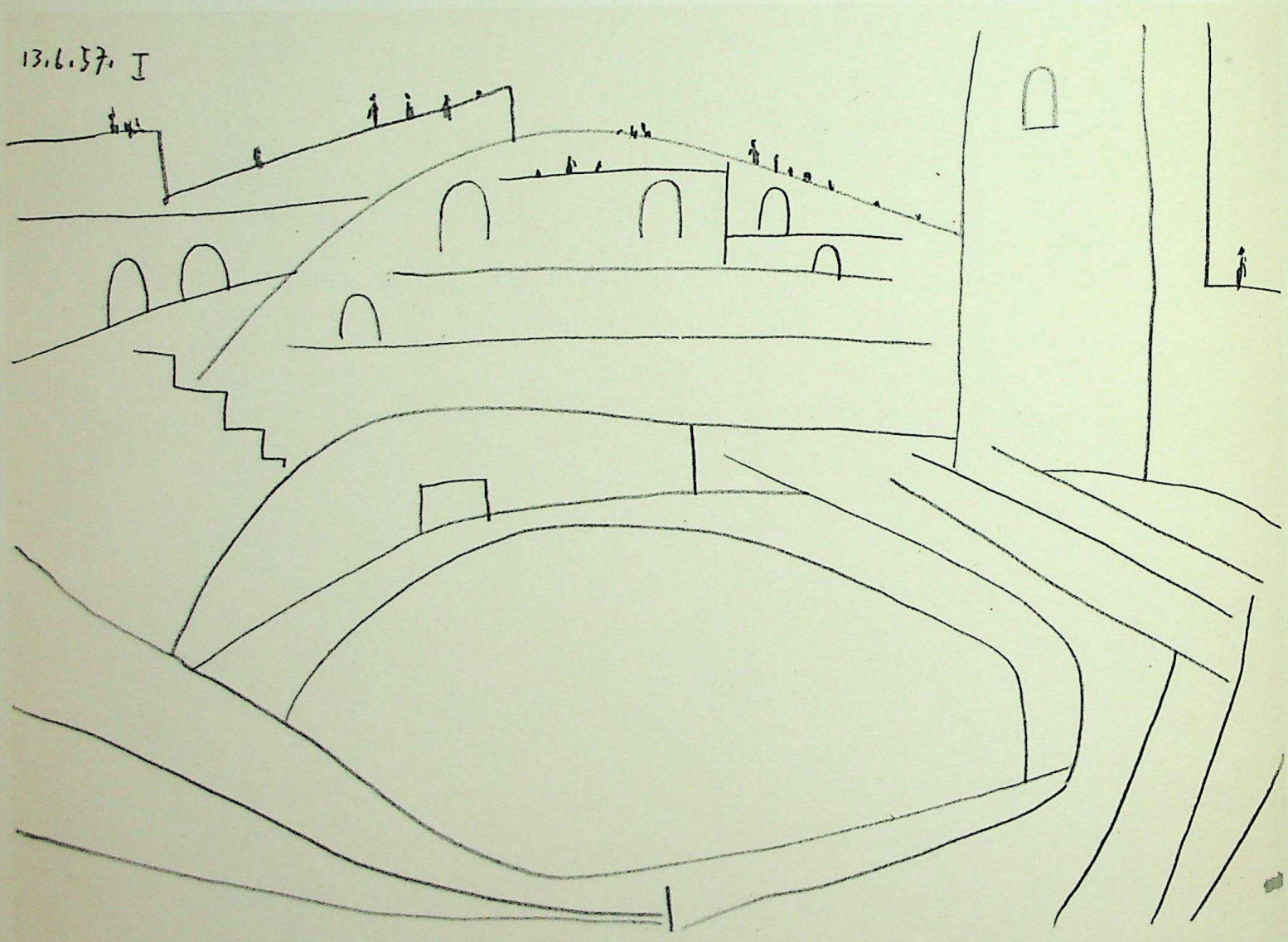

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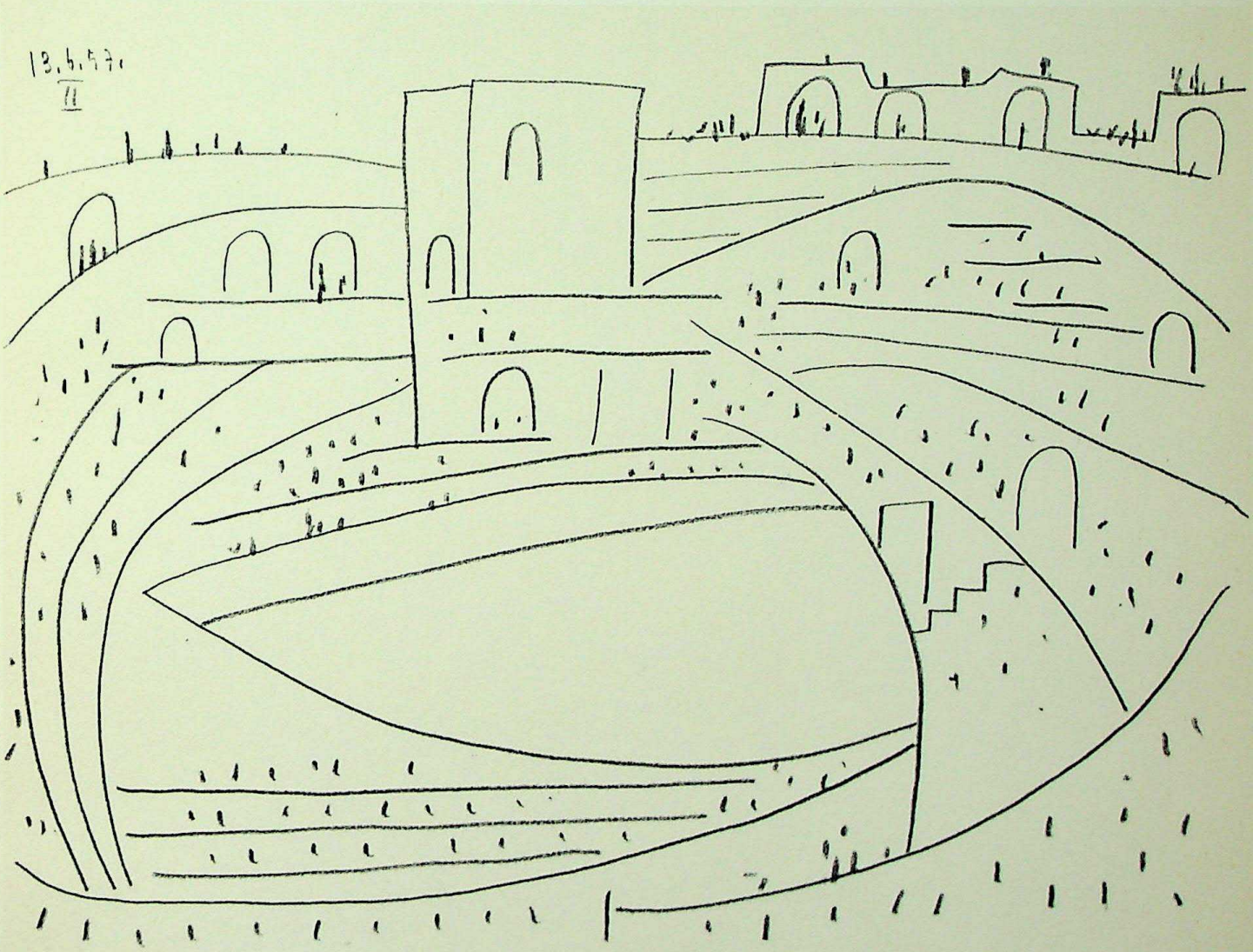

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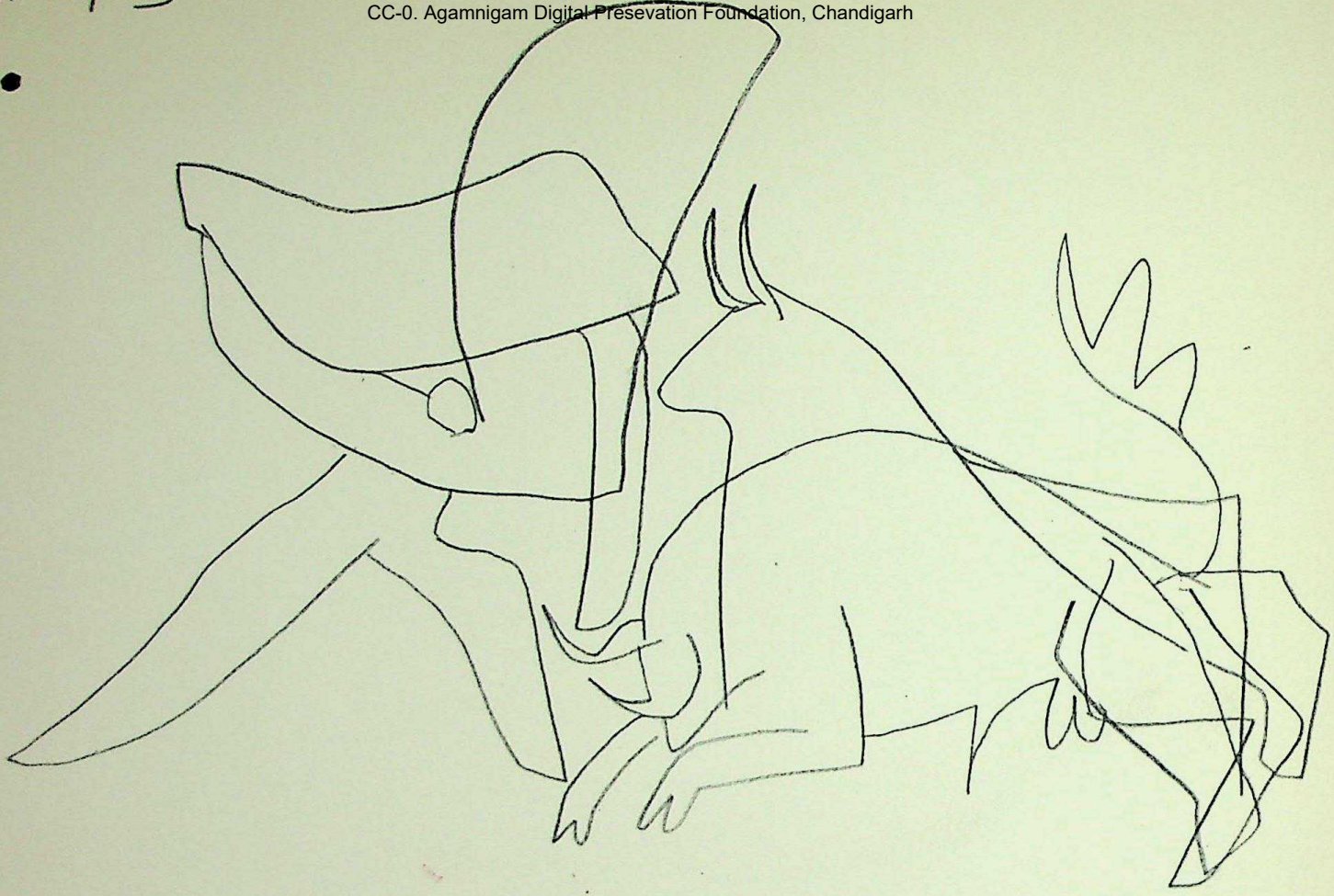

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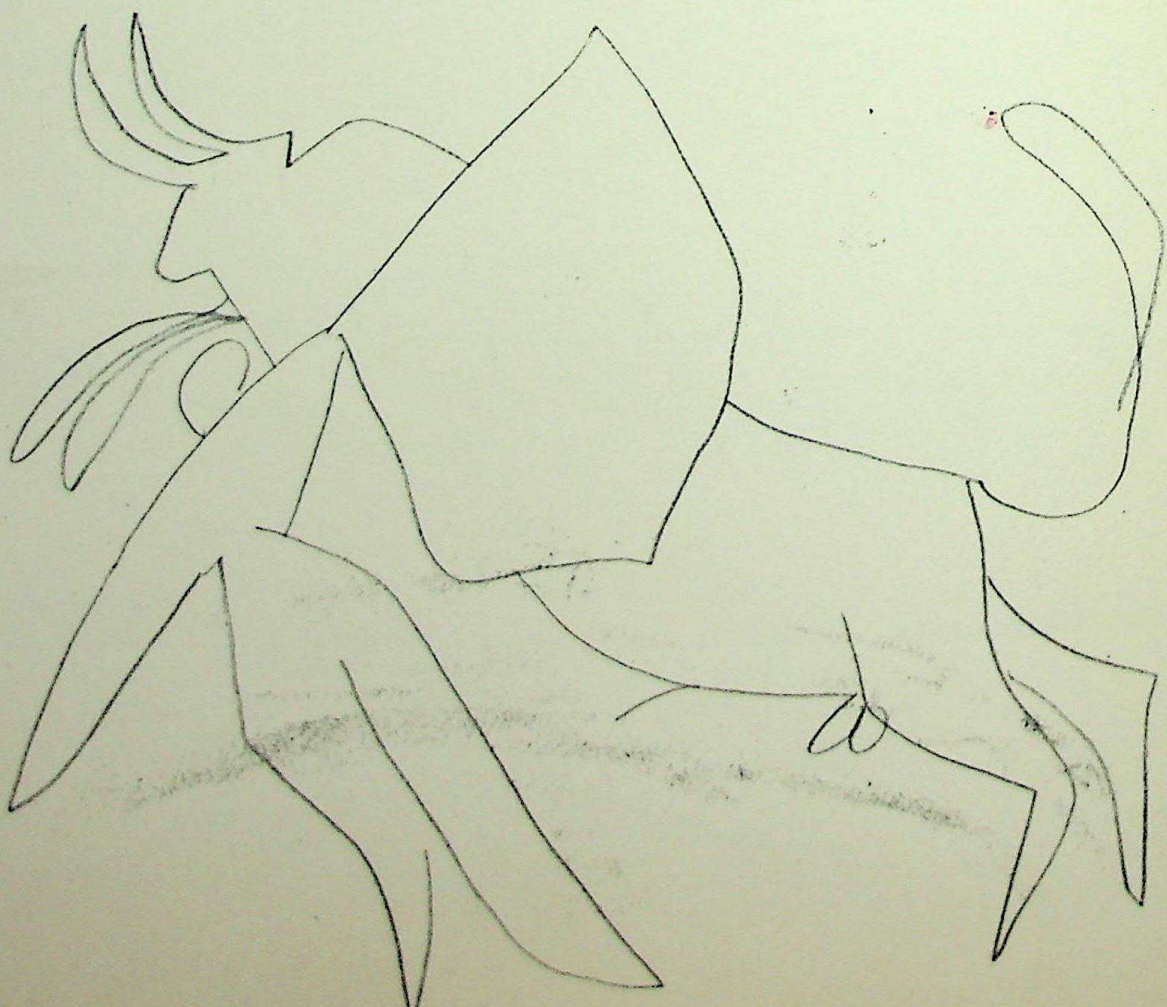

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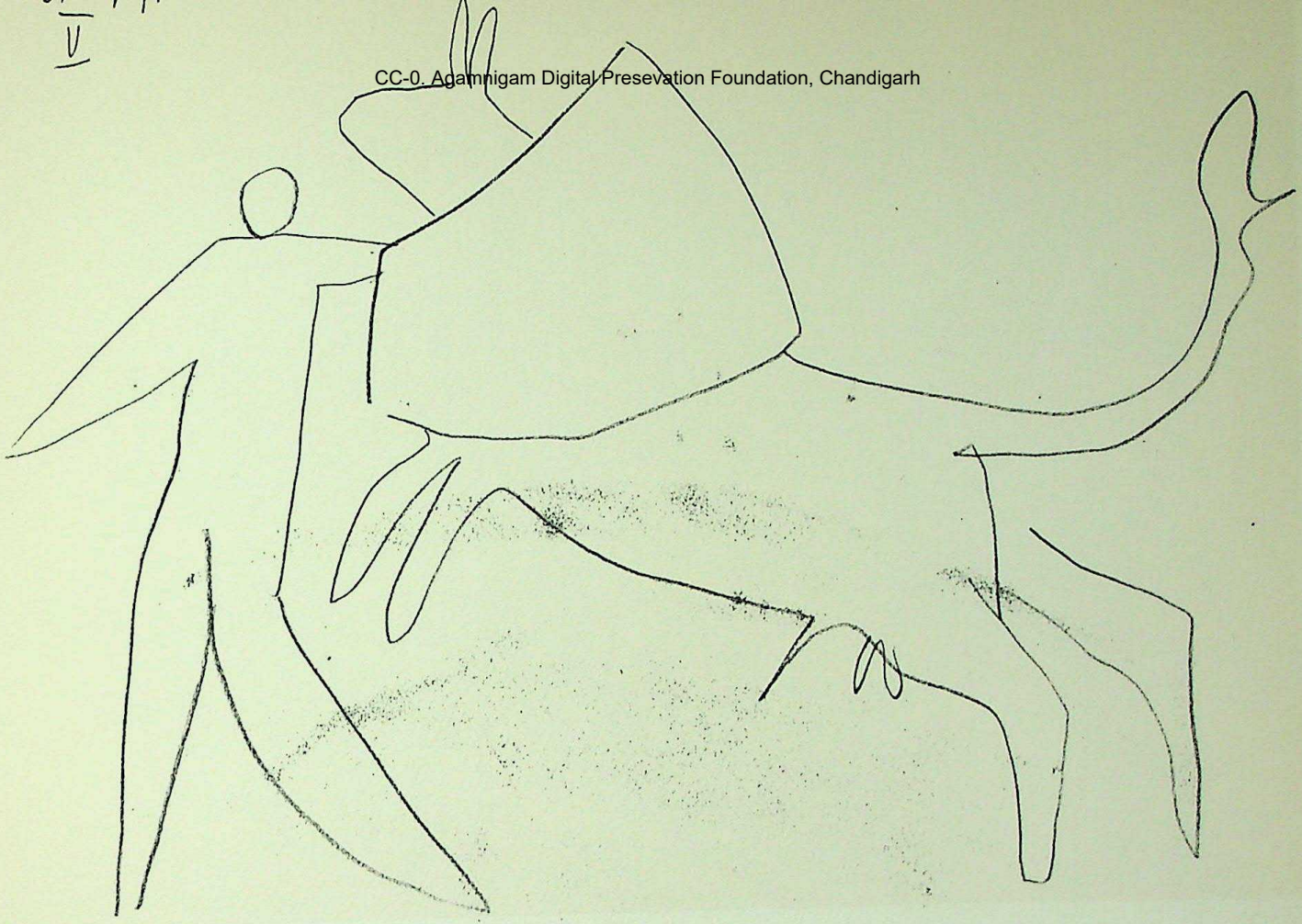

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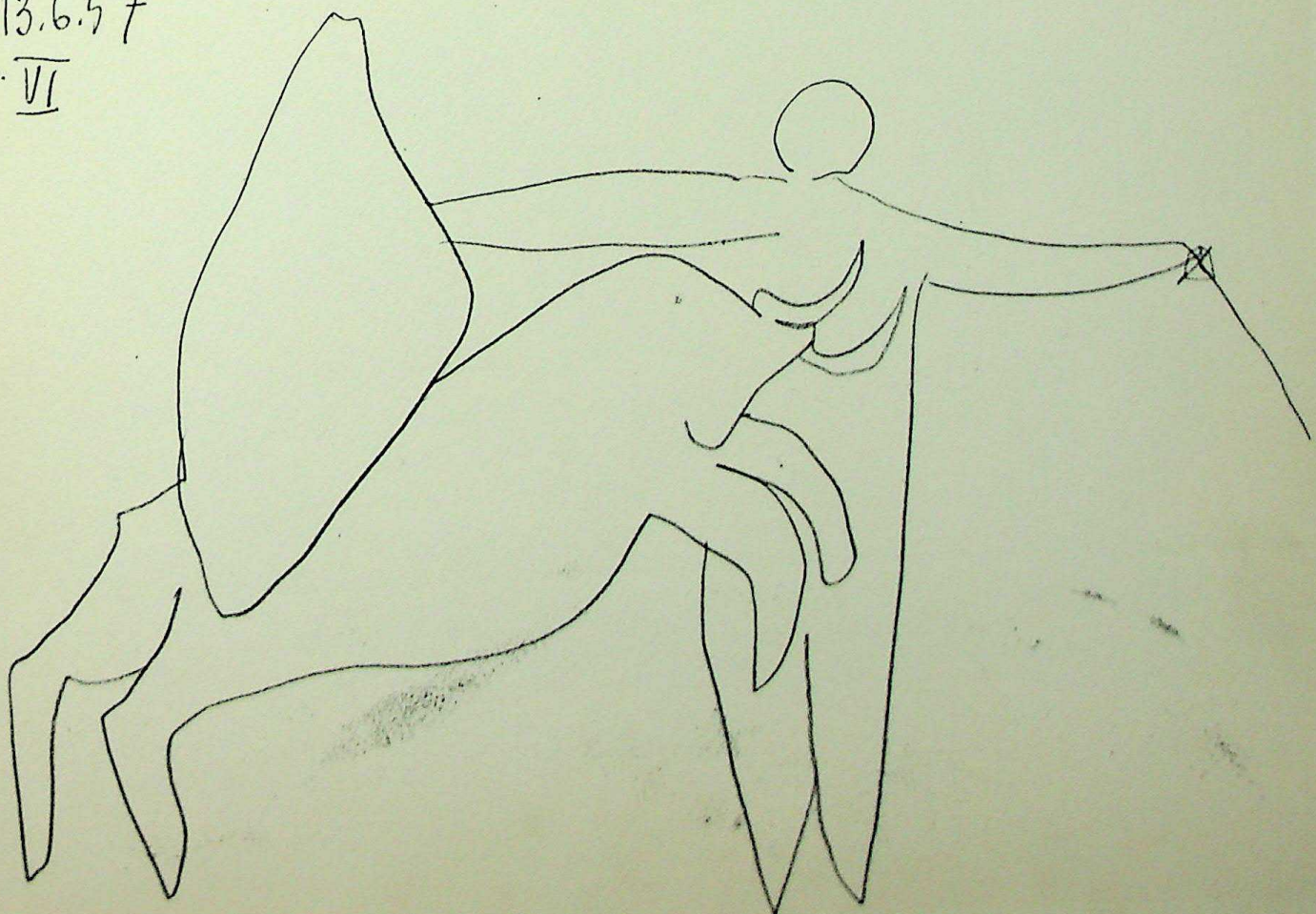

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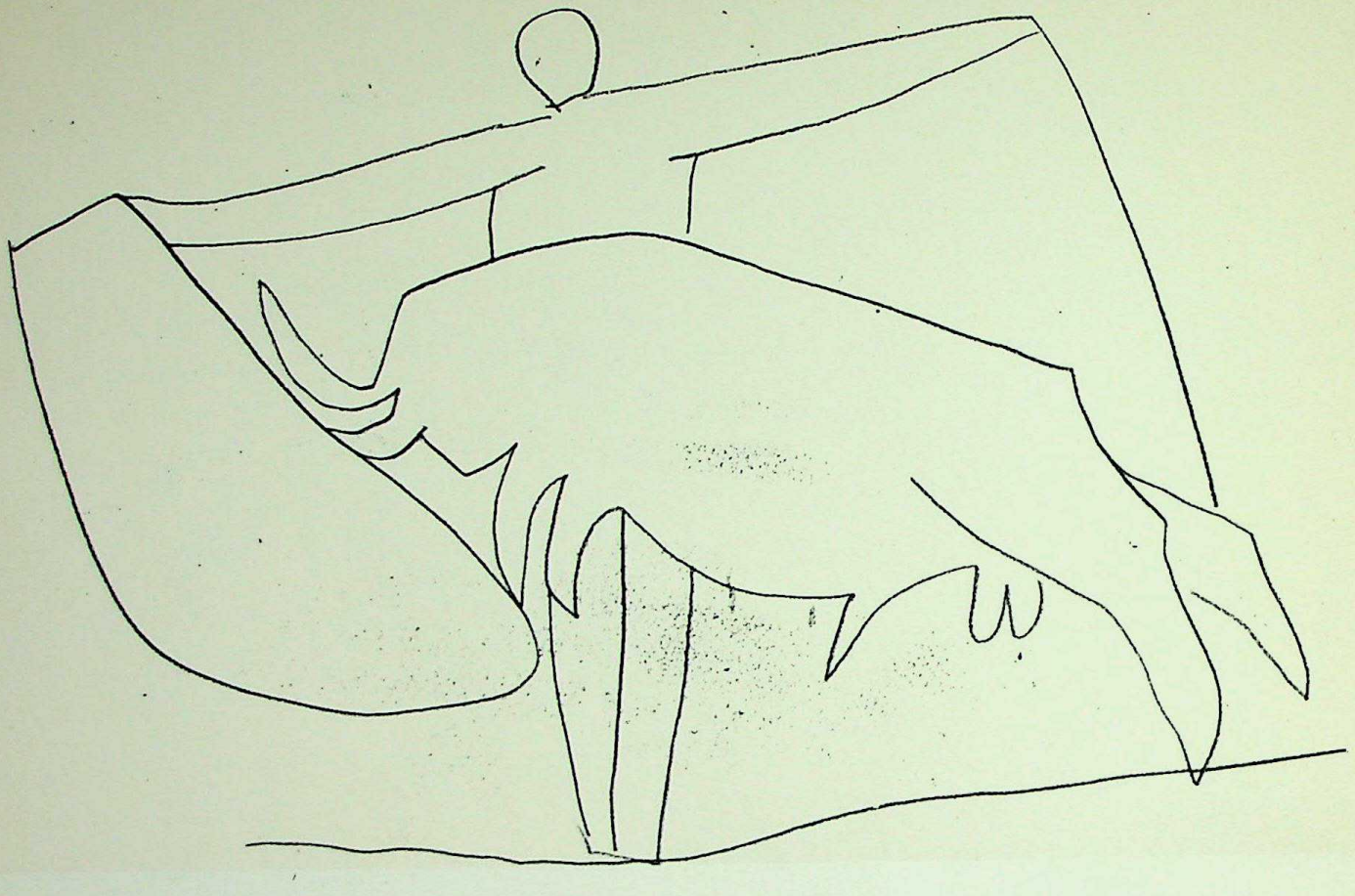

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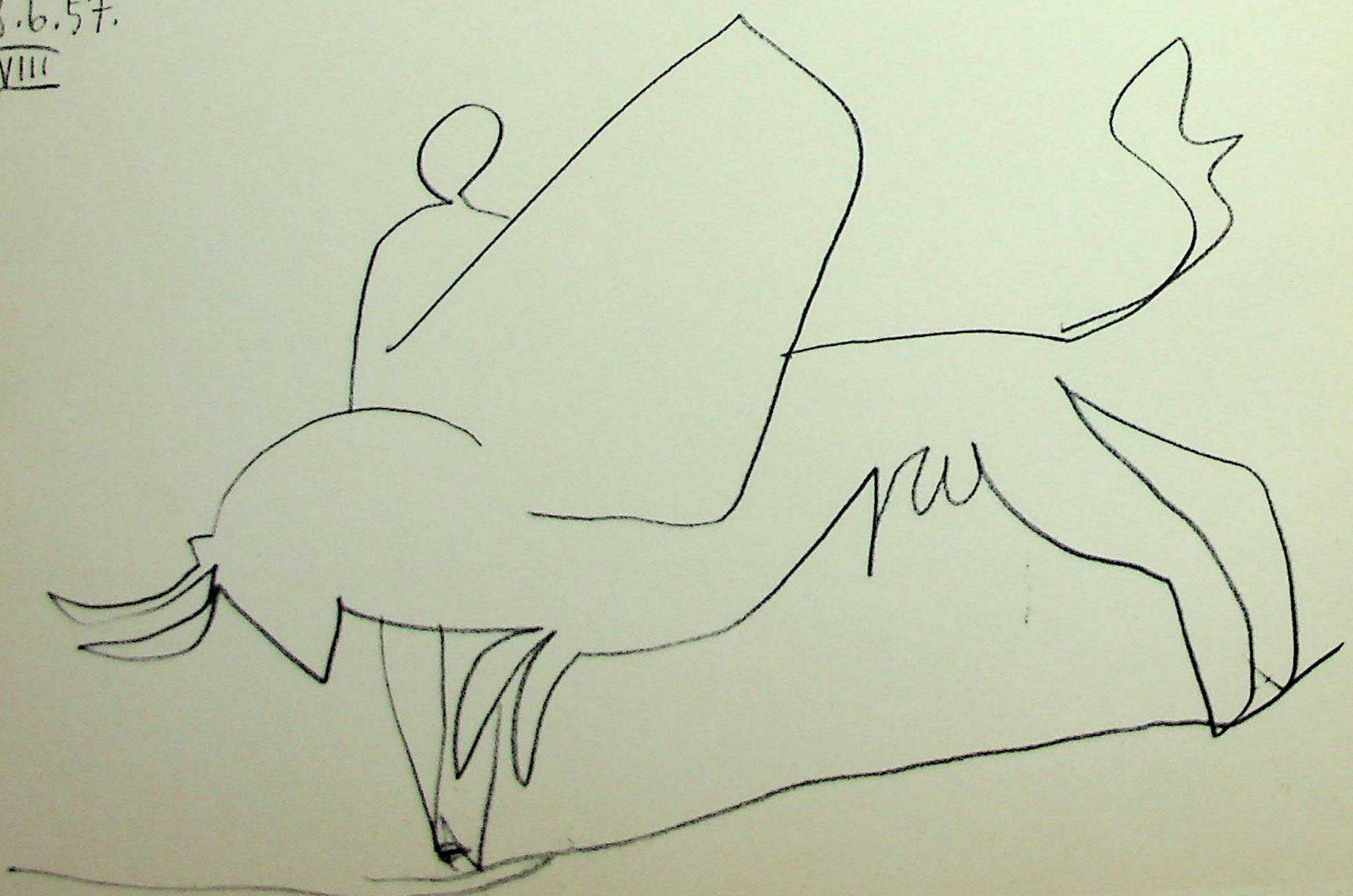

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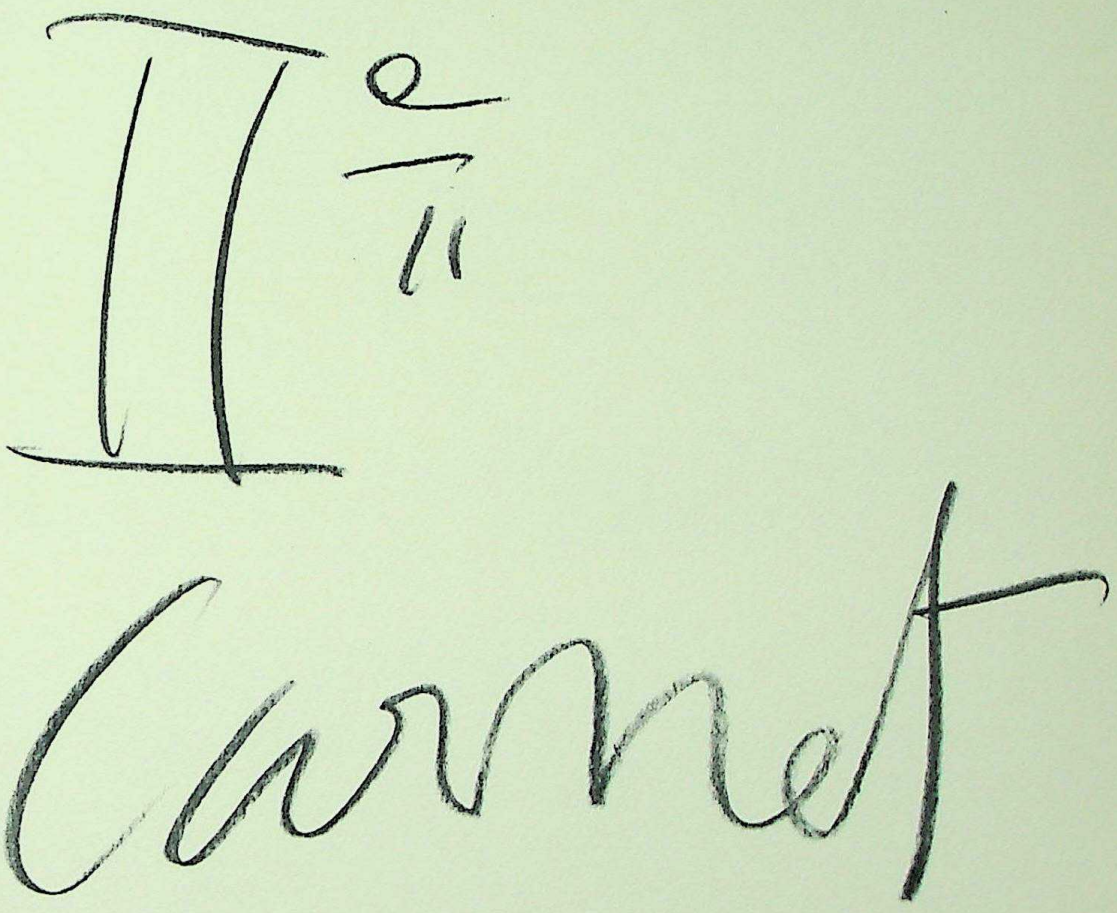

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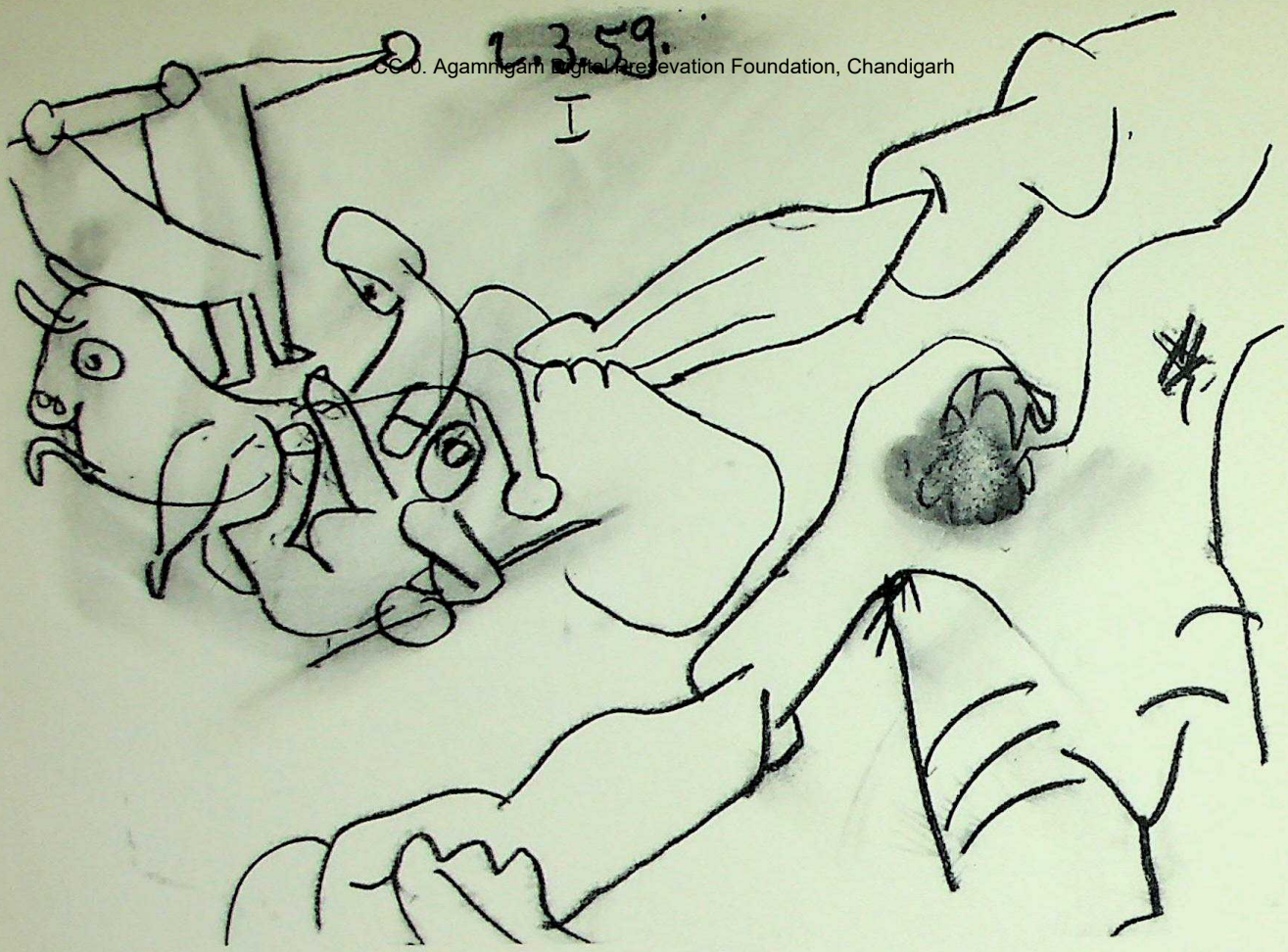

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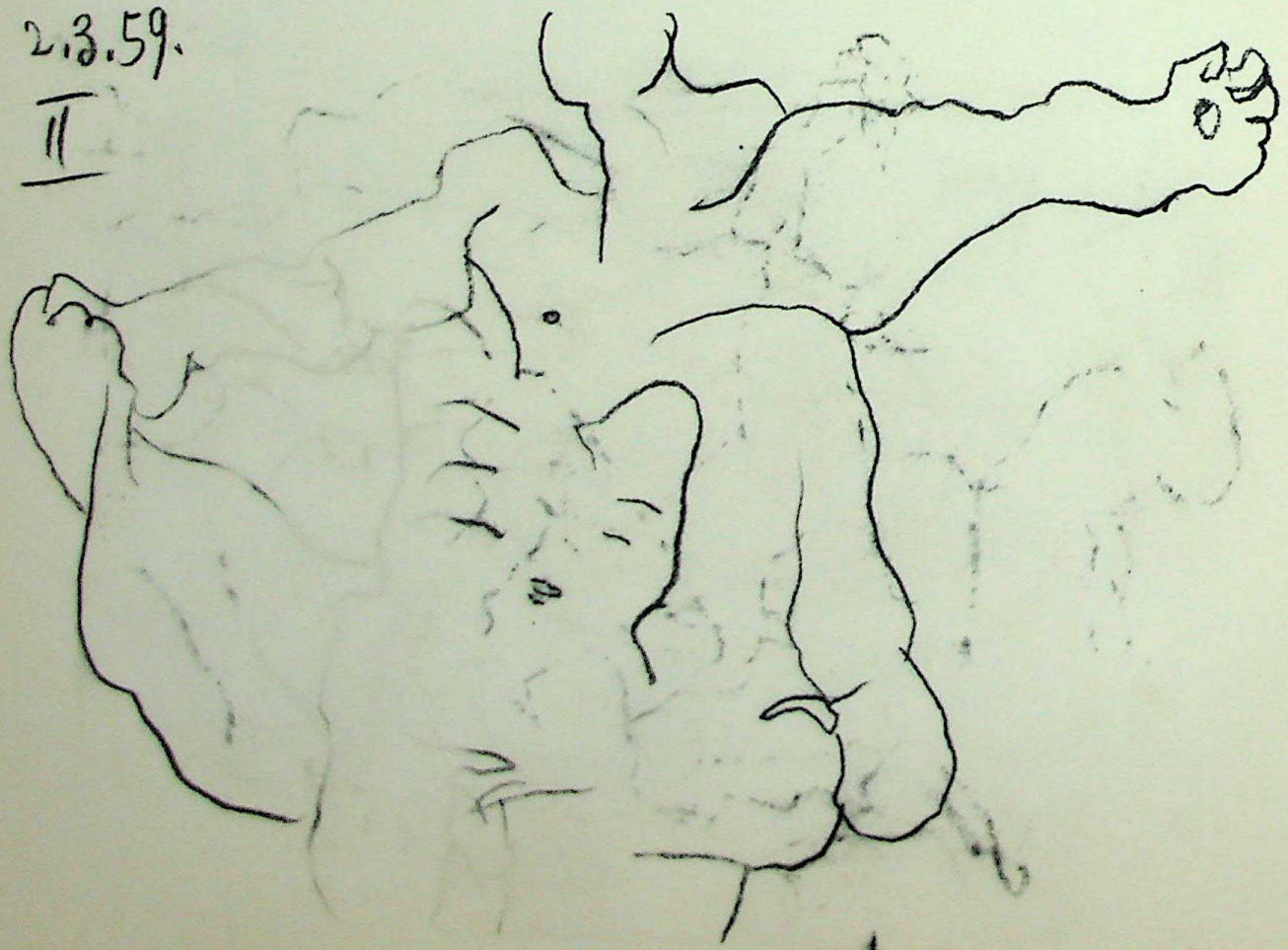

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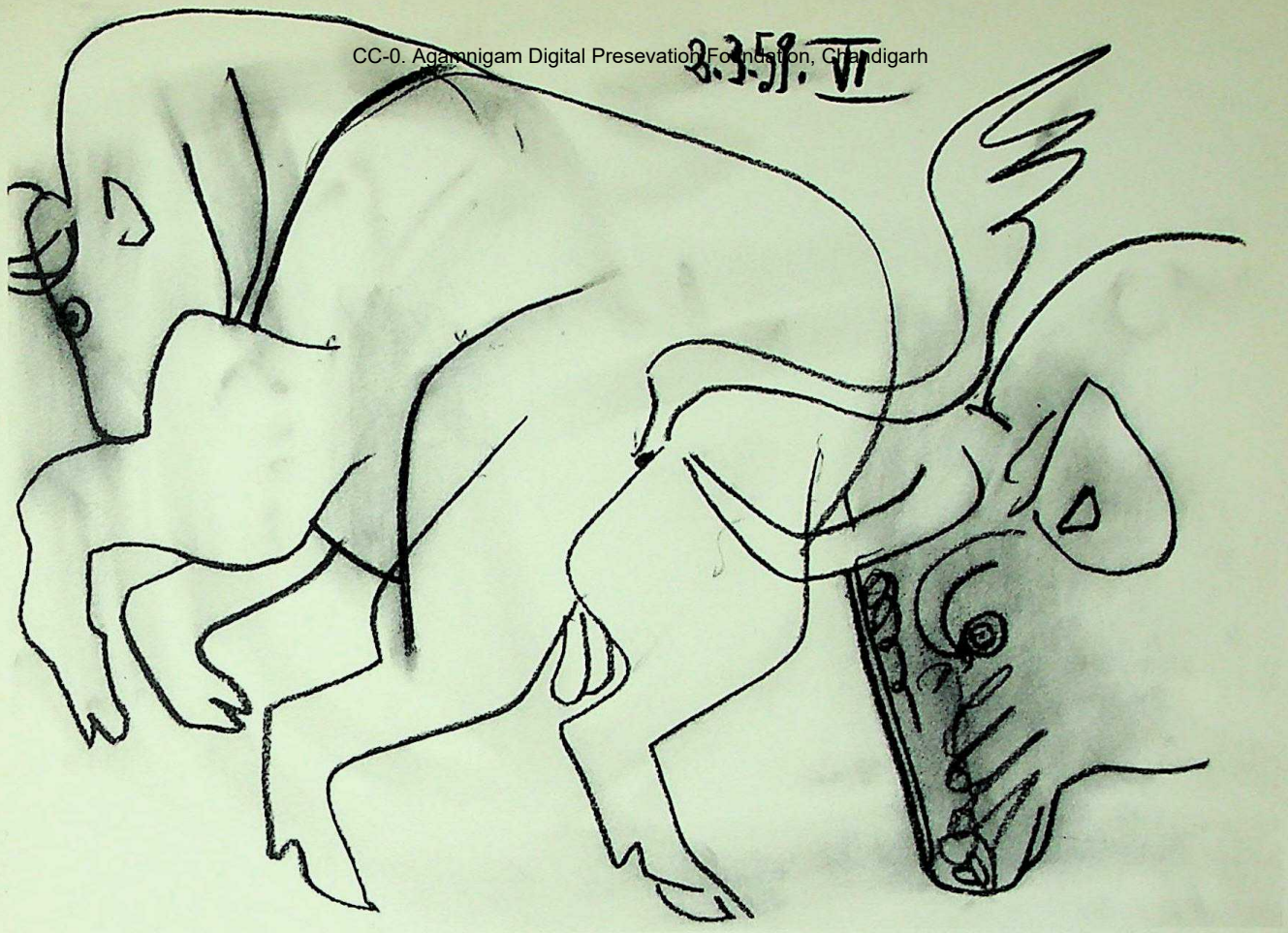

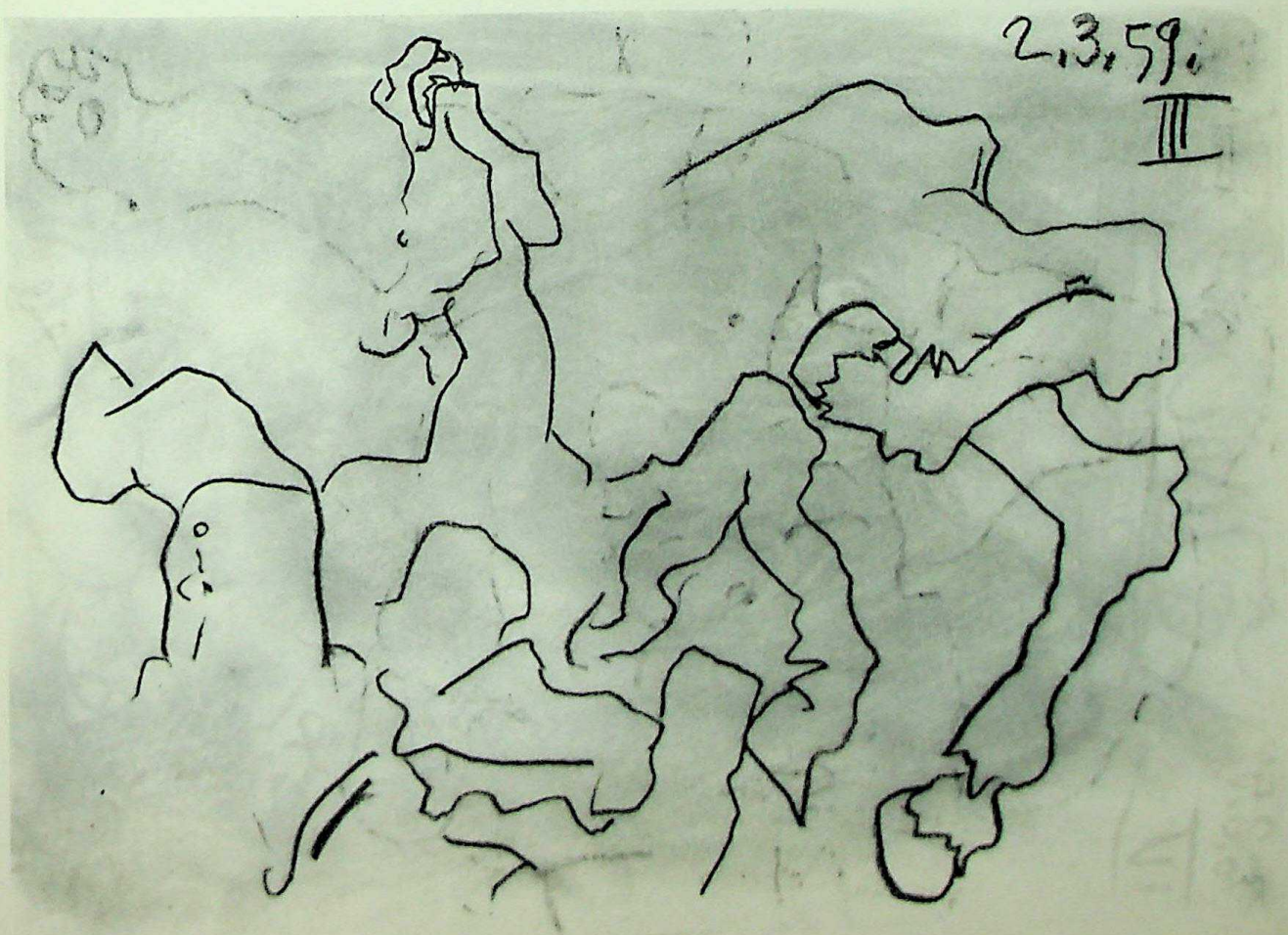

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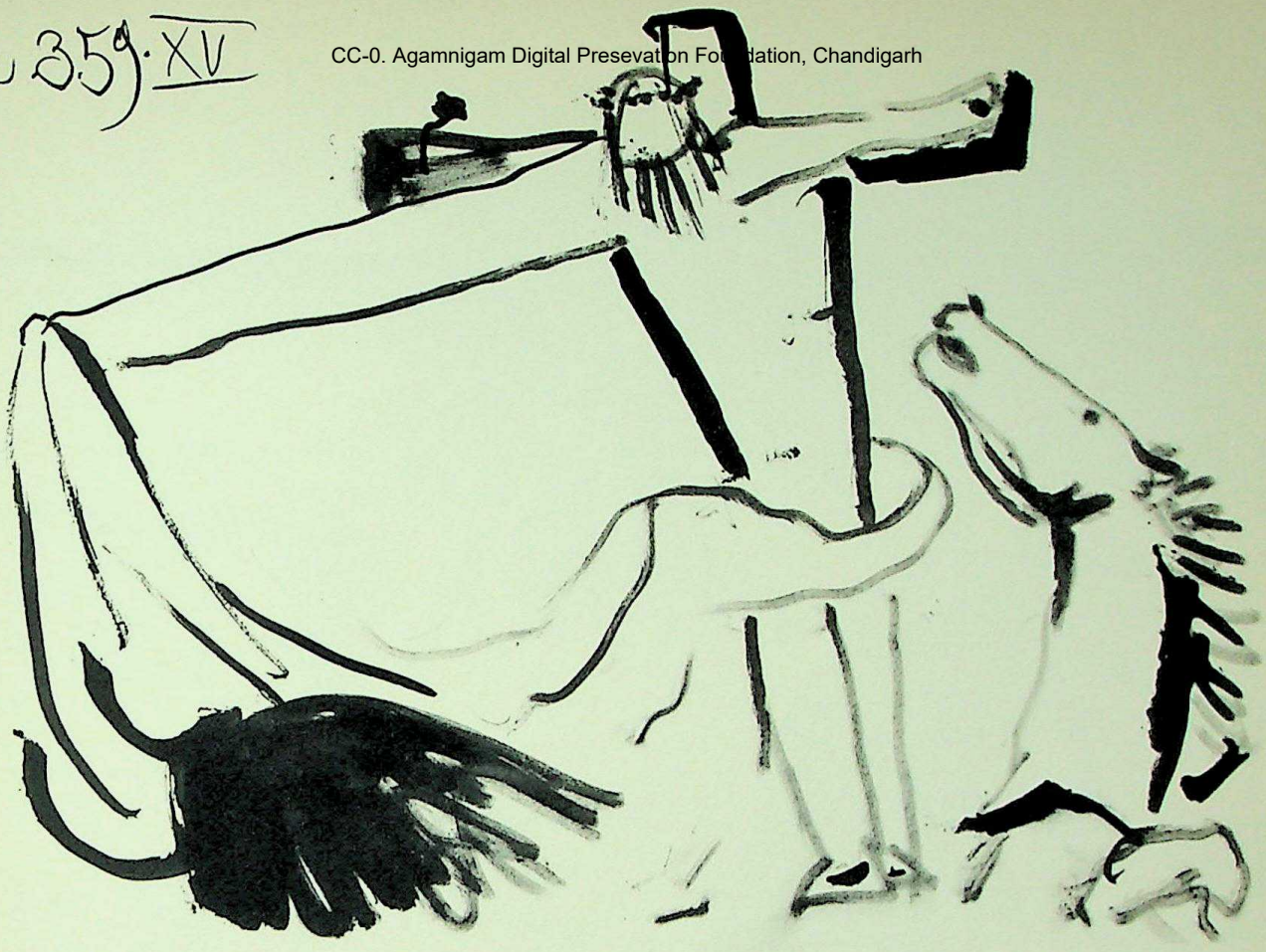

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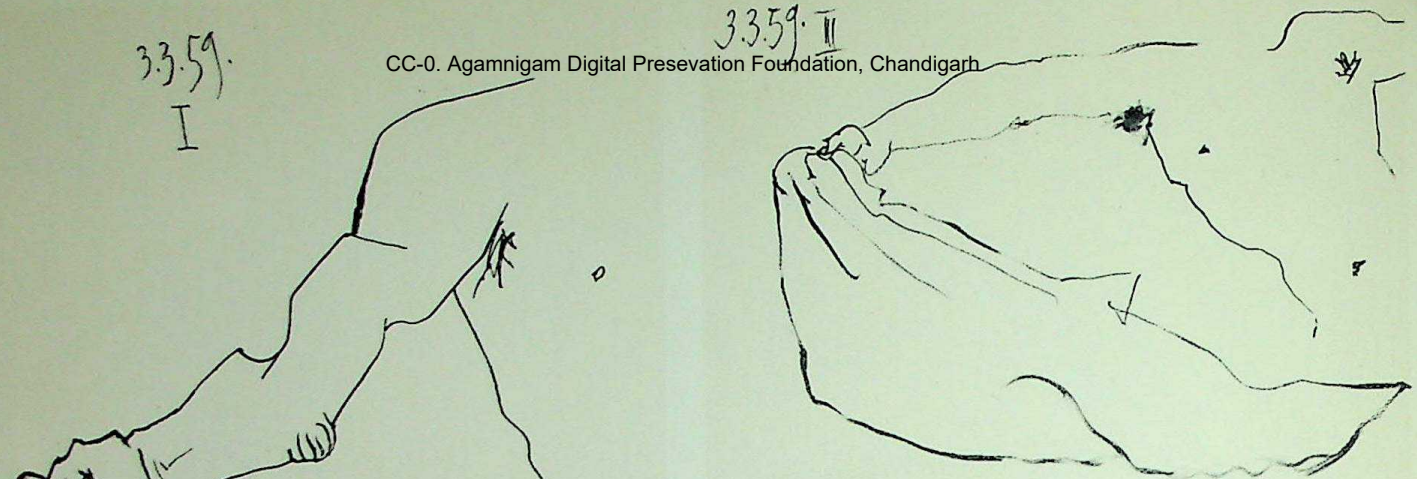

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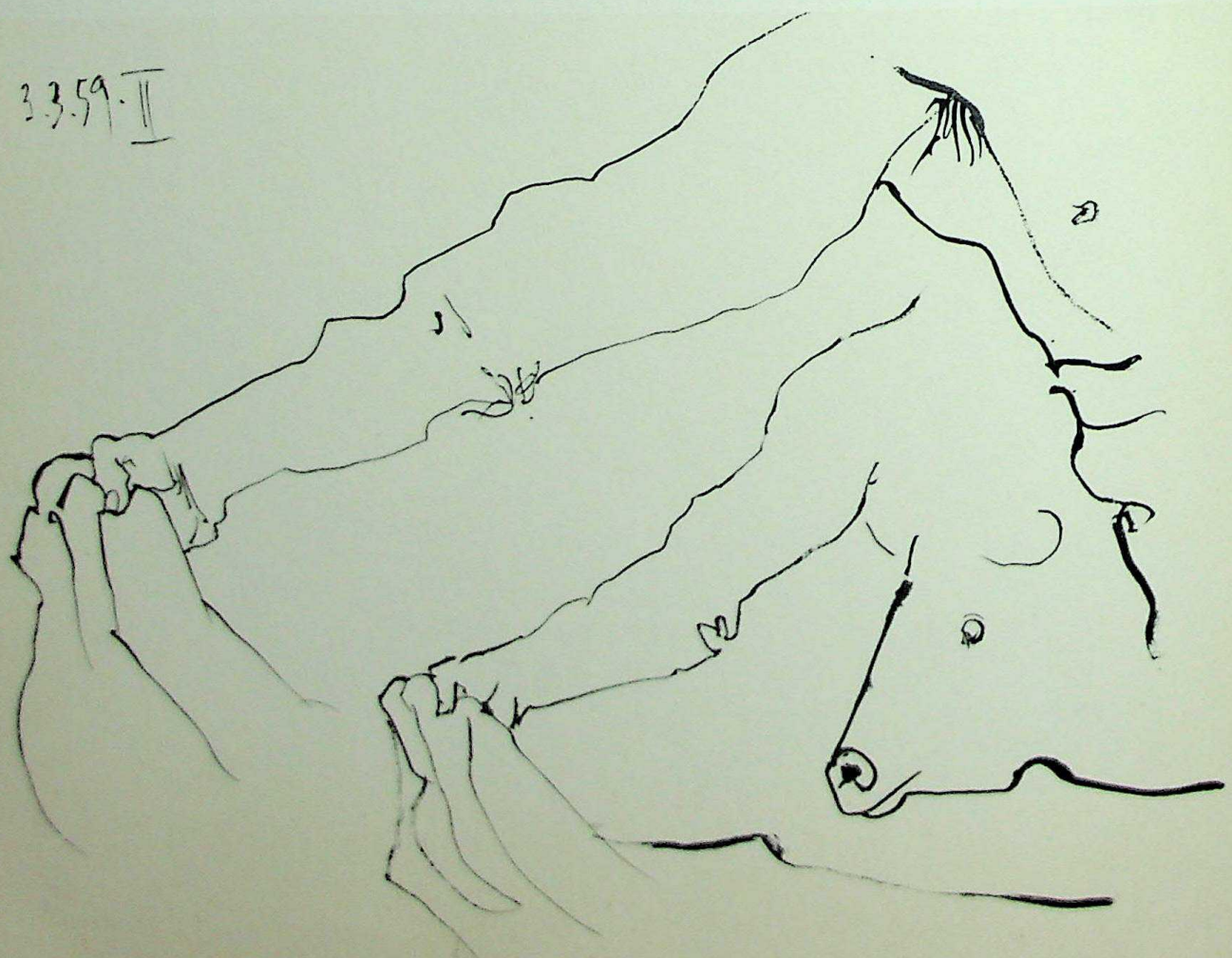

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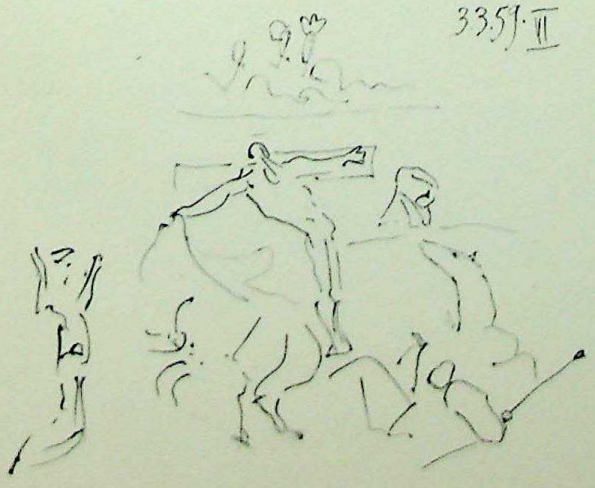

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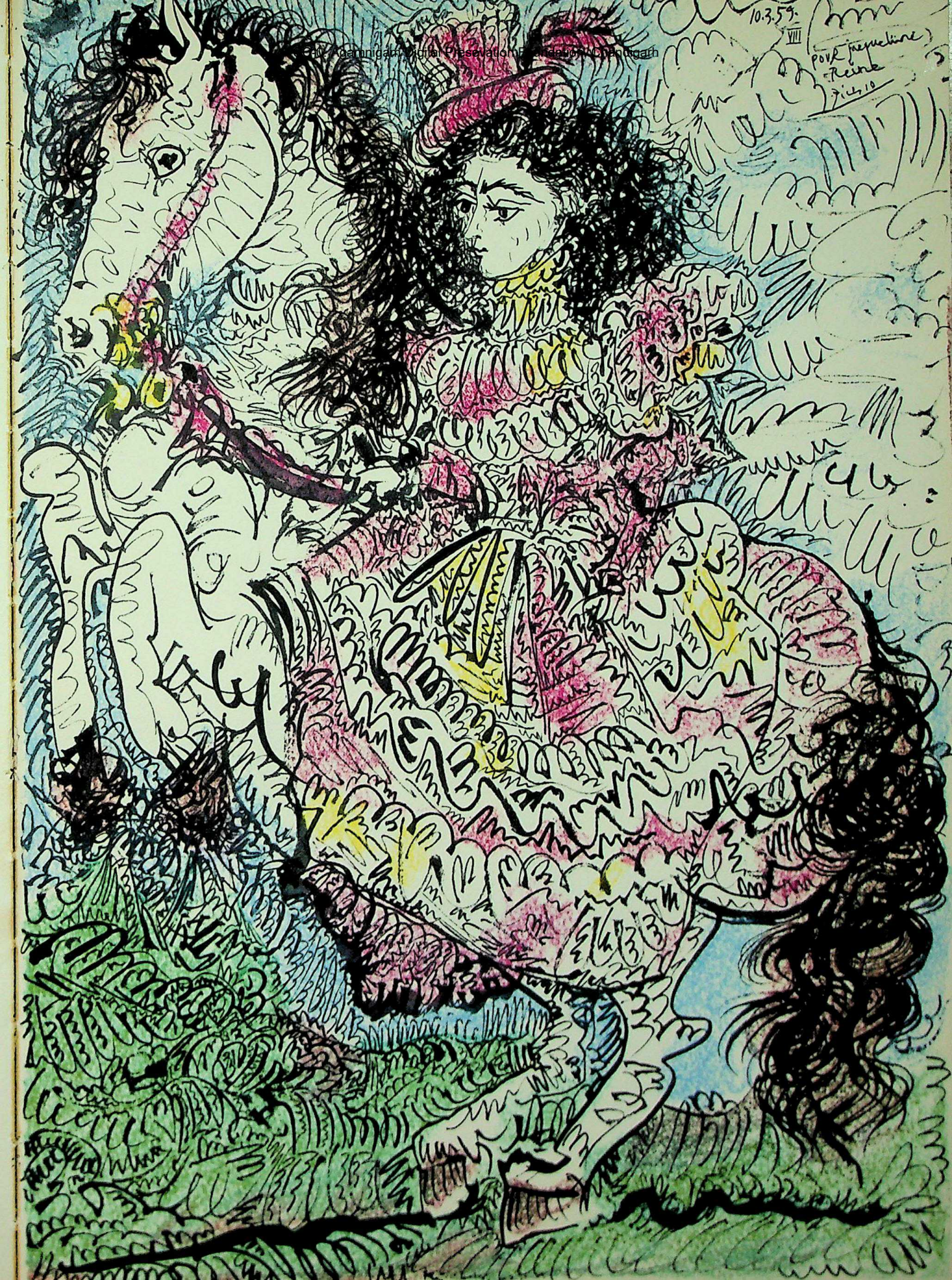

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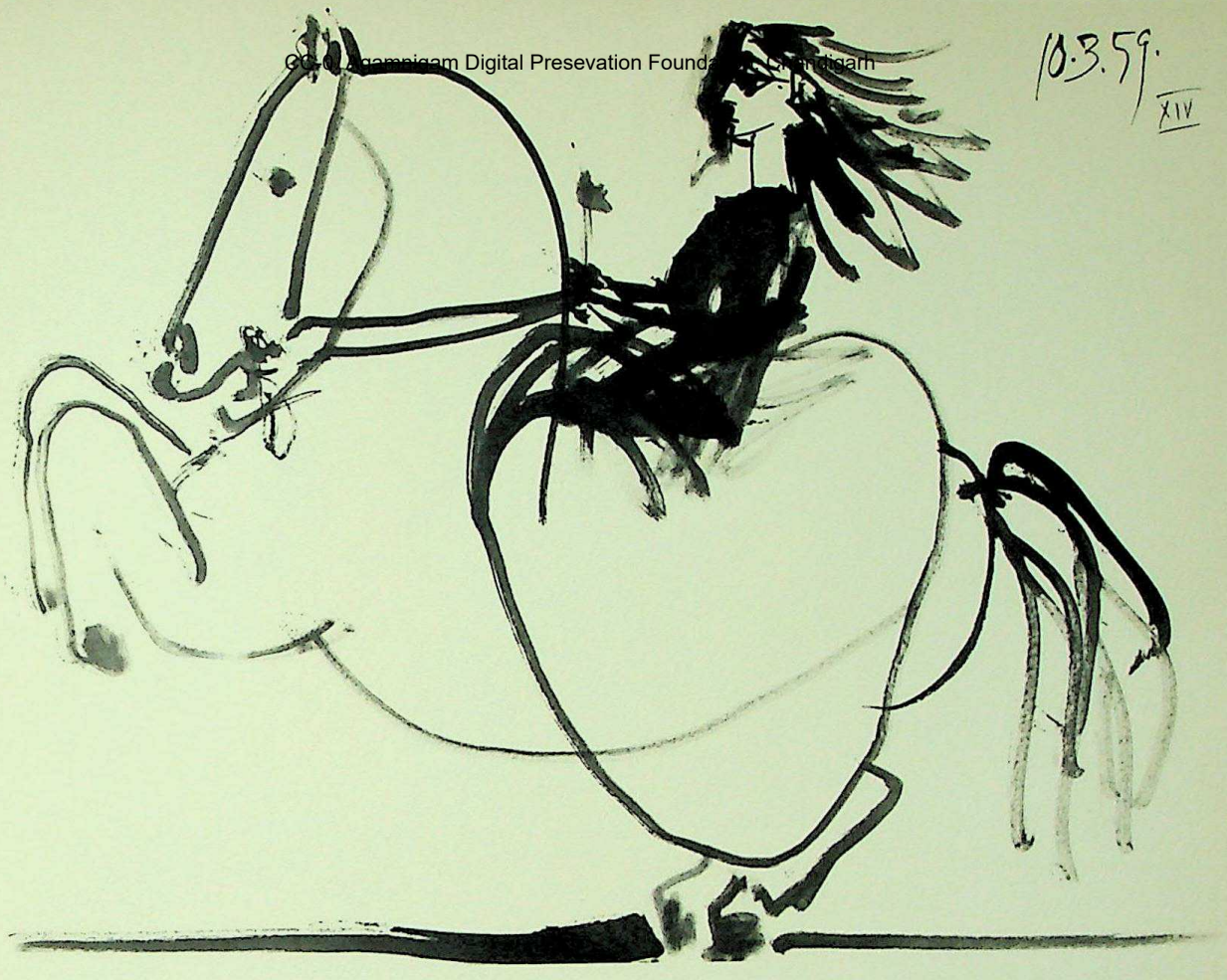

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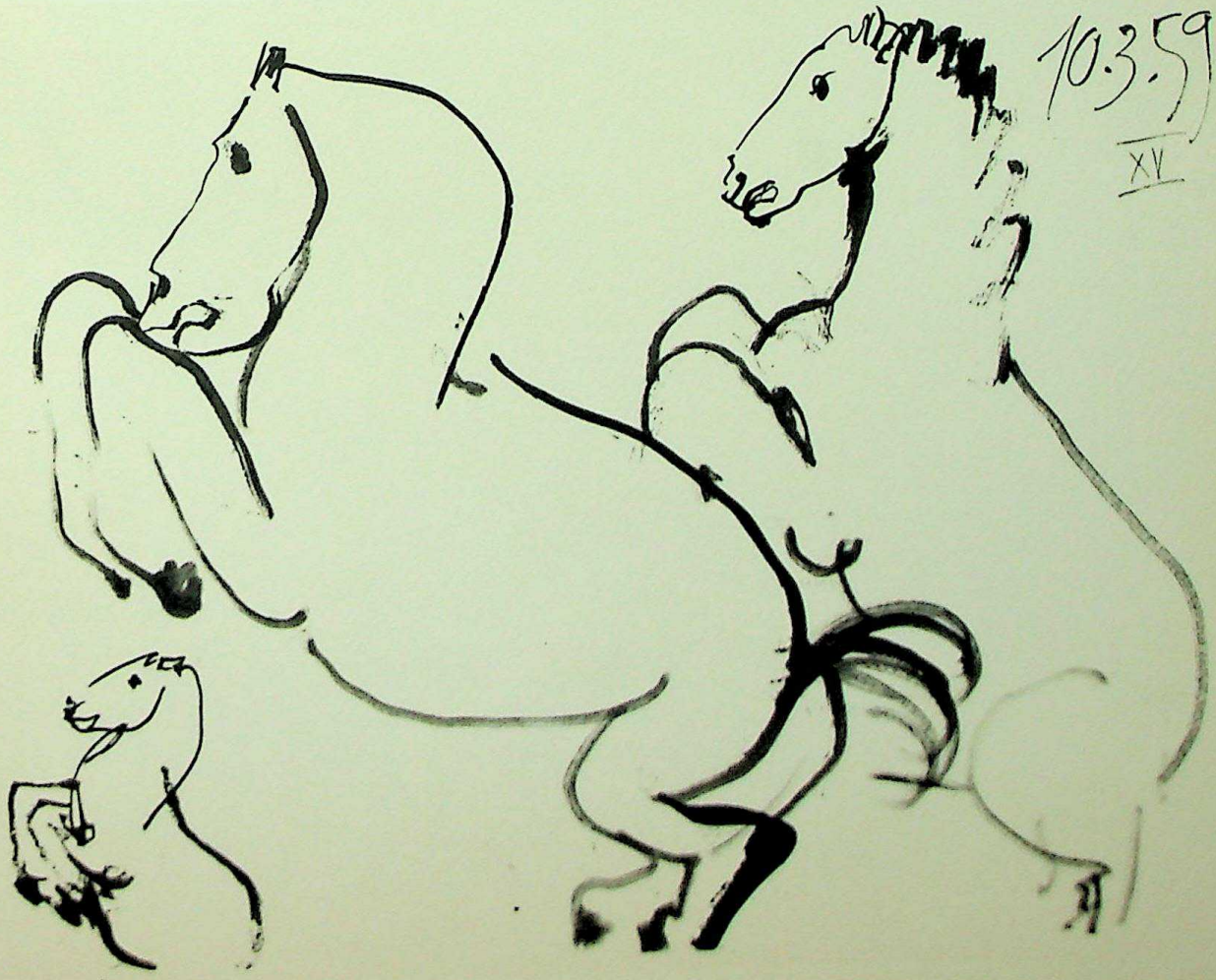

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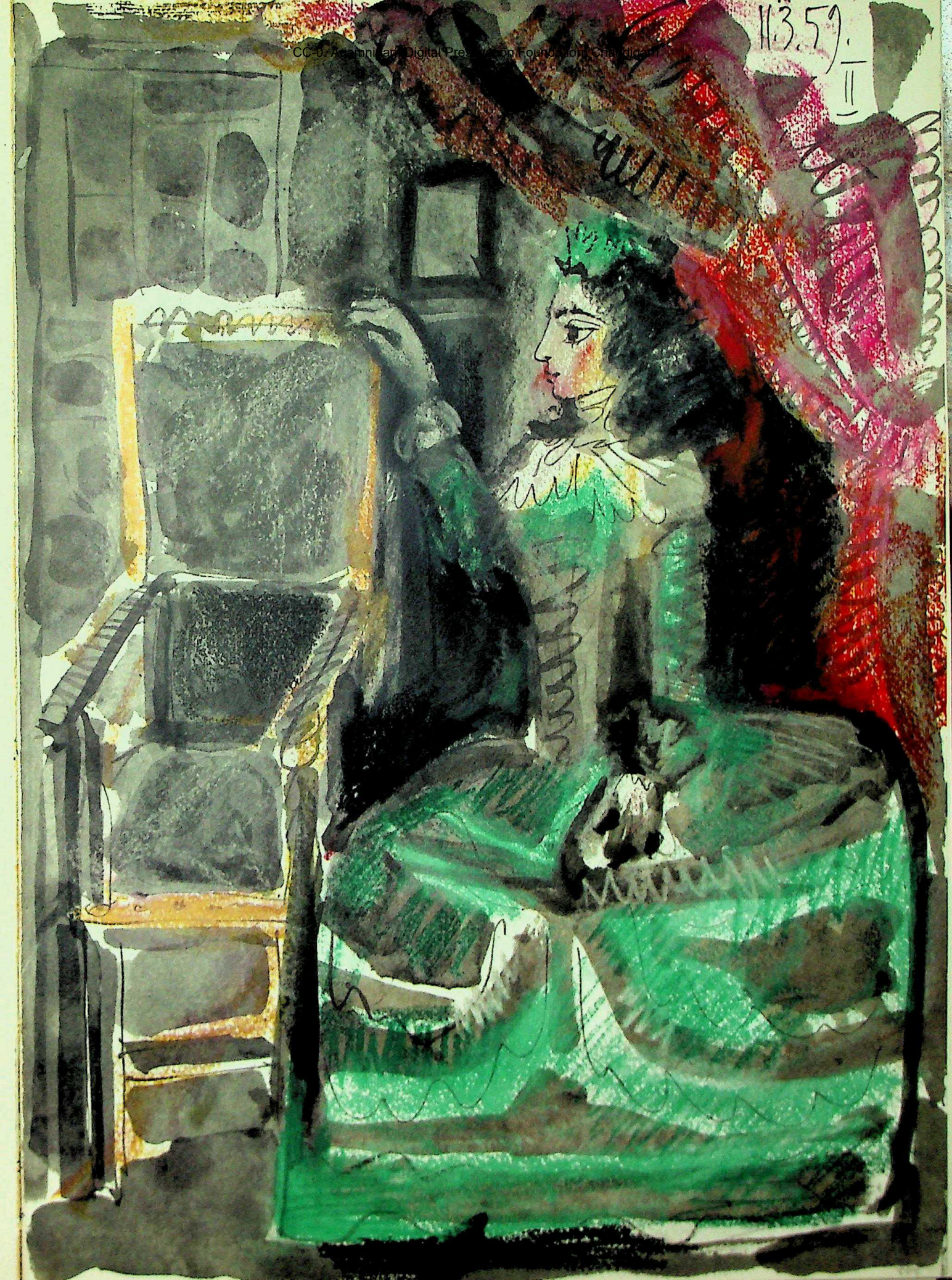

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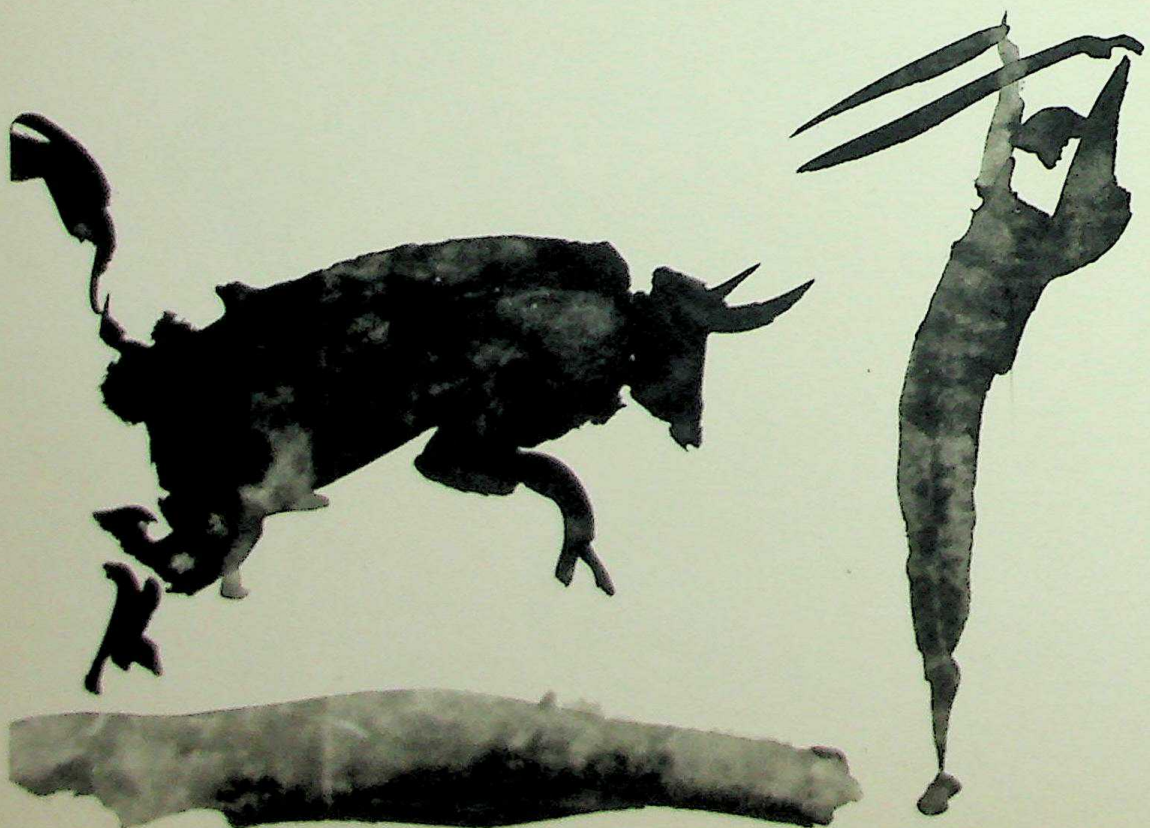

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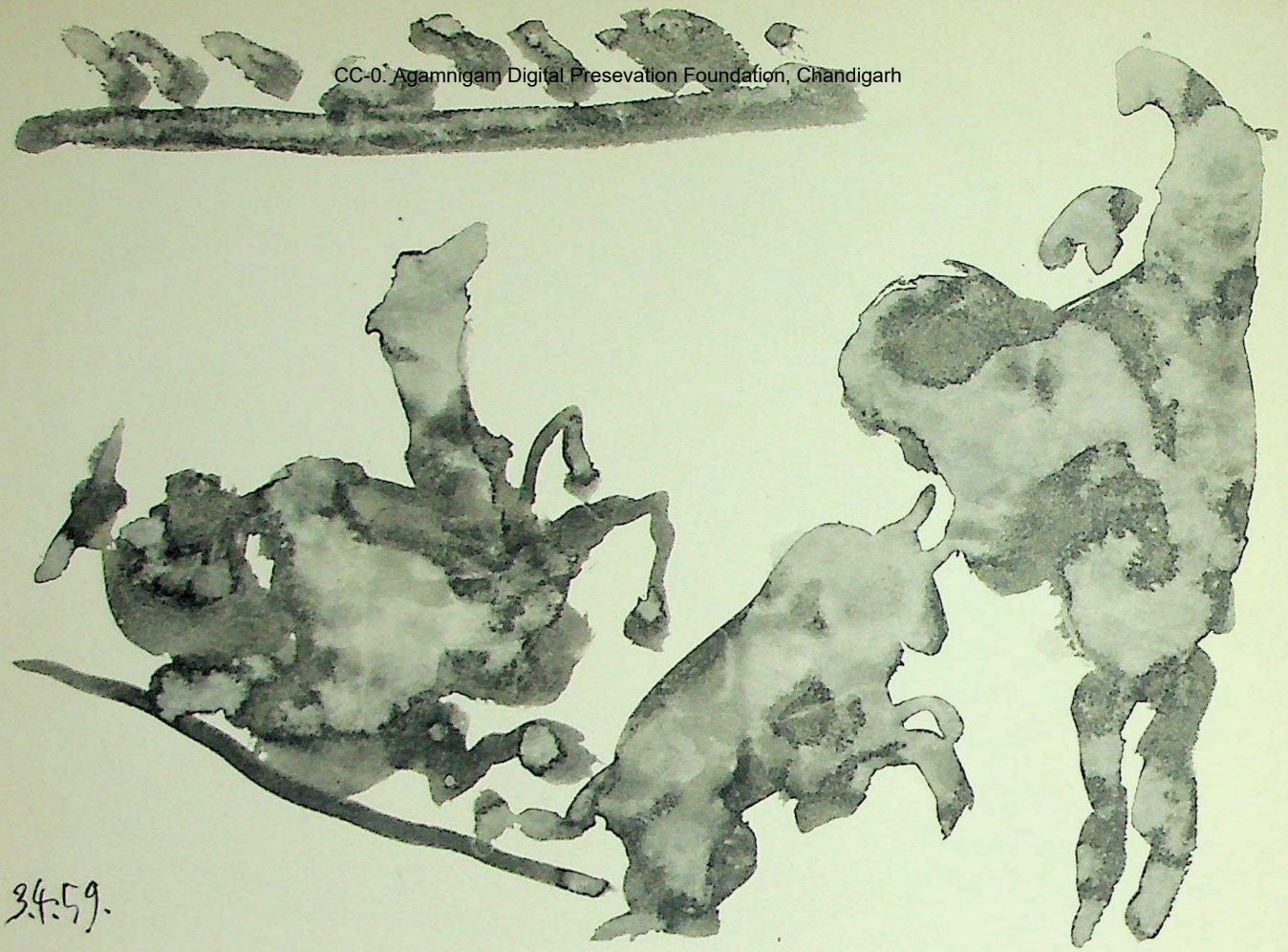

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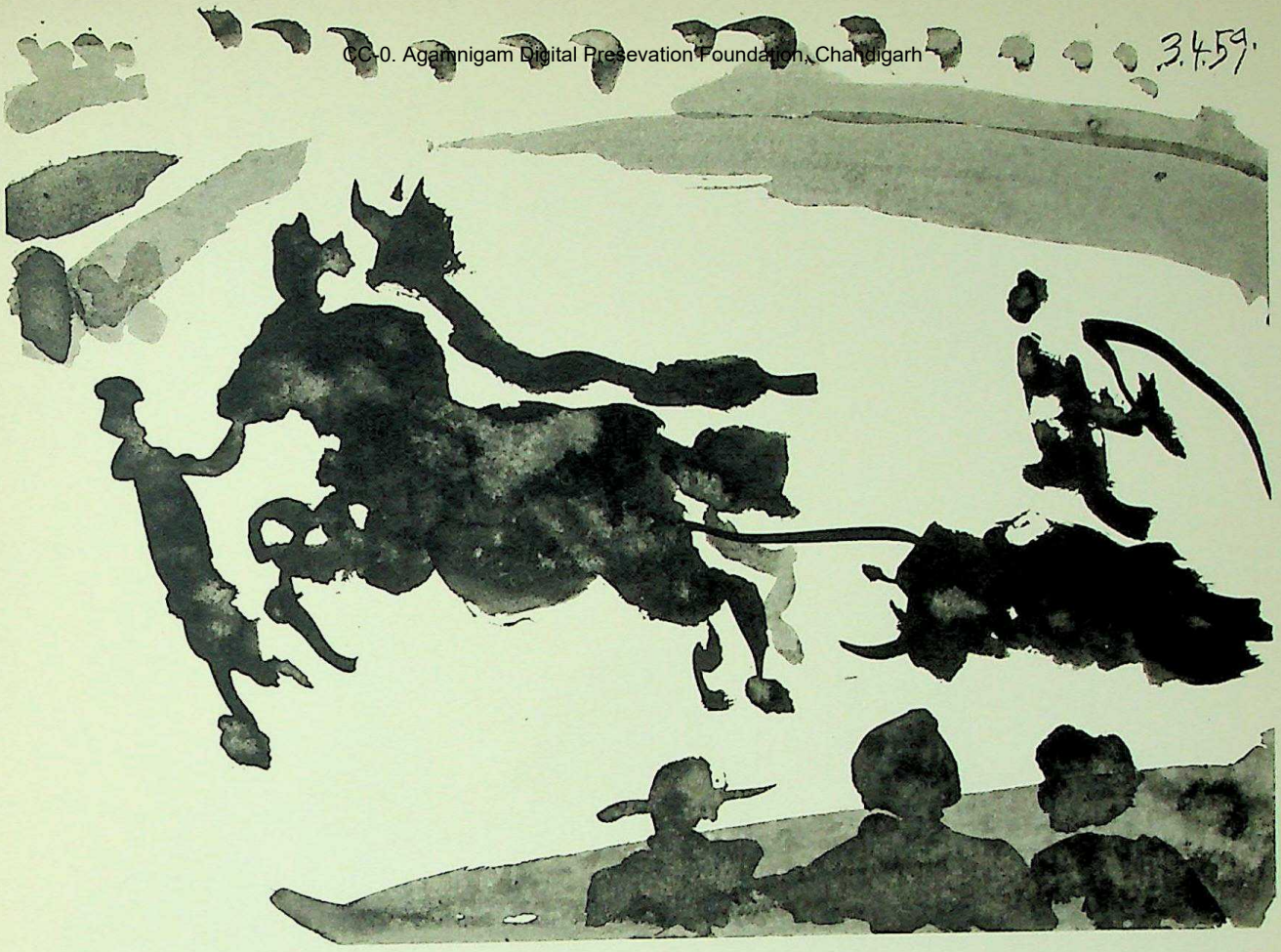

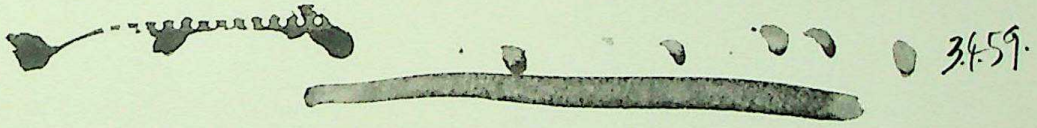

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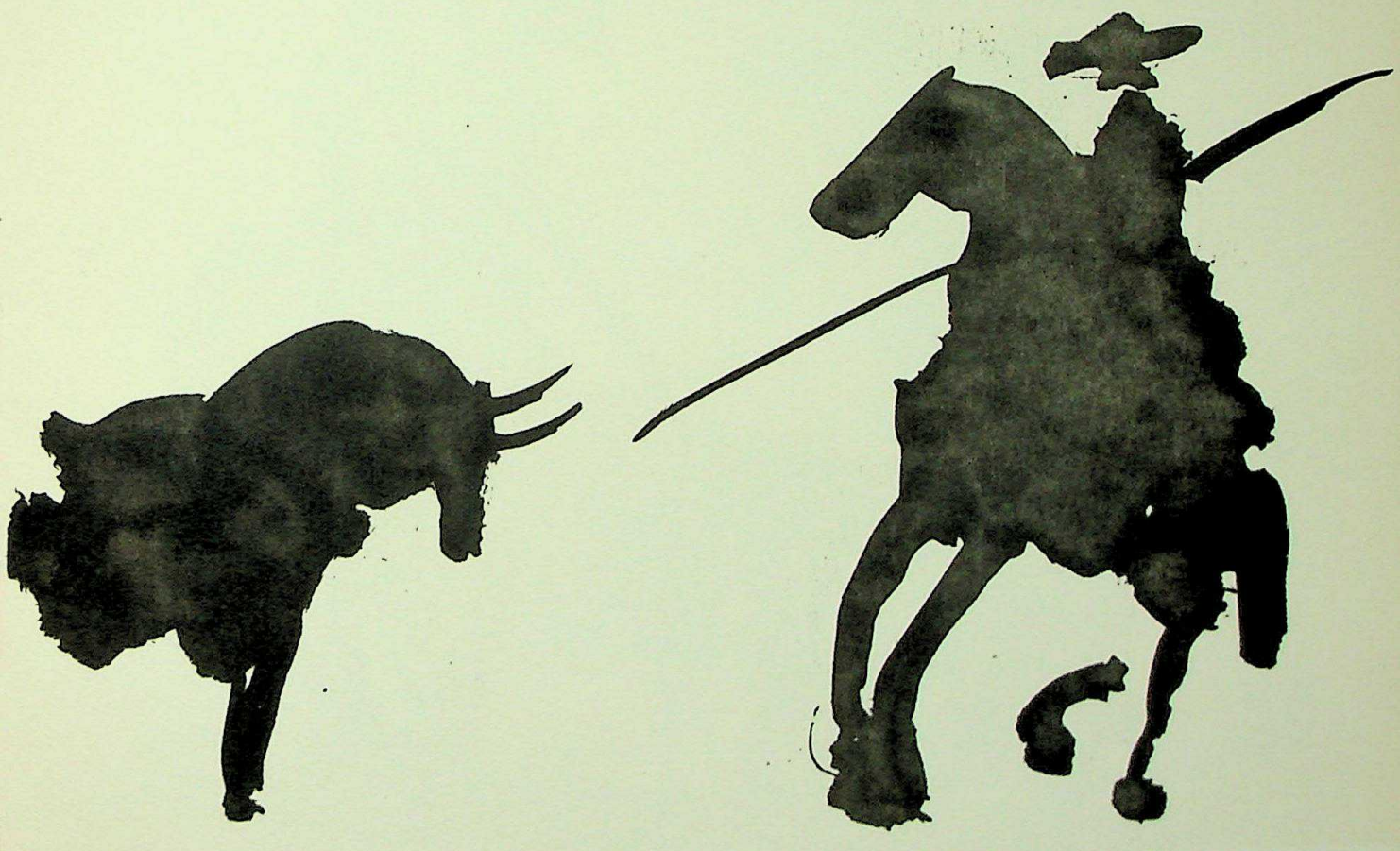

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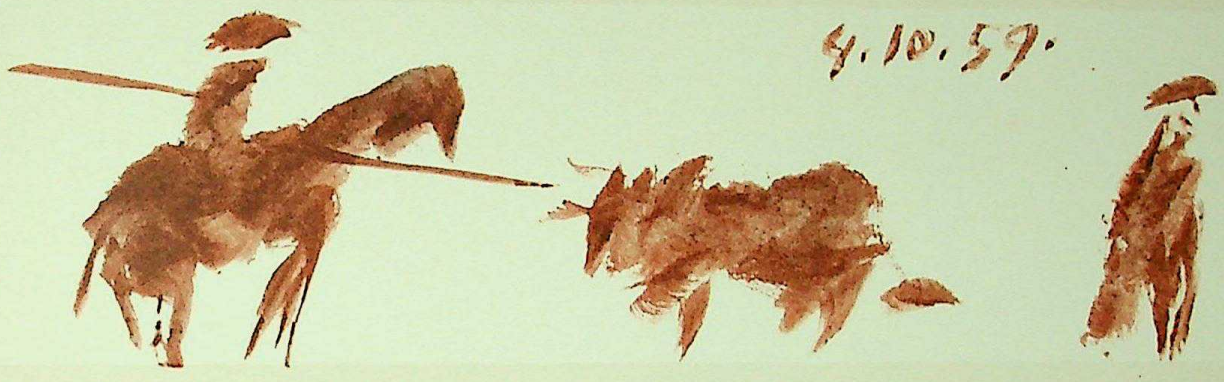

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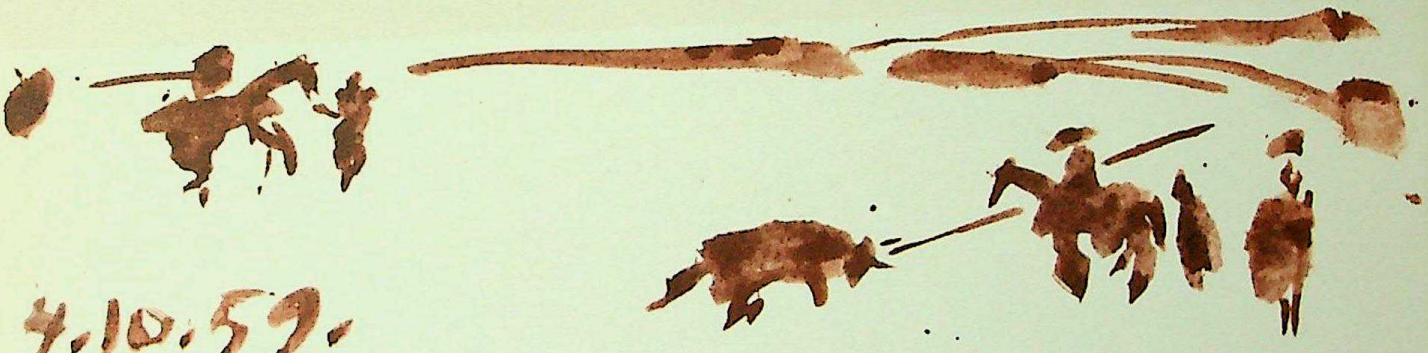

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